

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

PRICE 10 CENTS

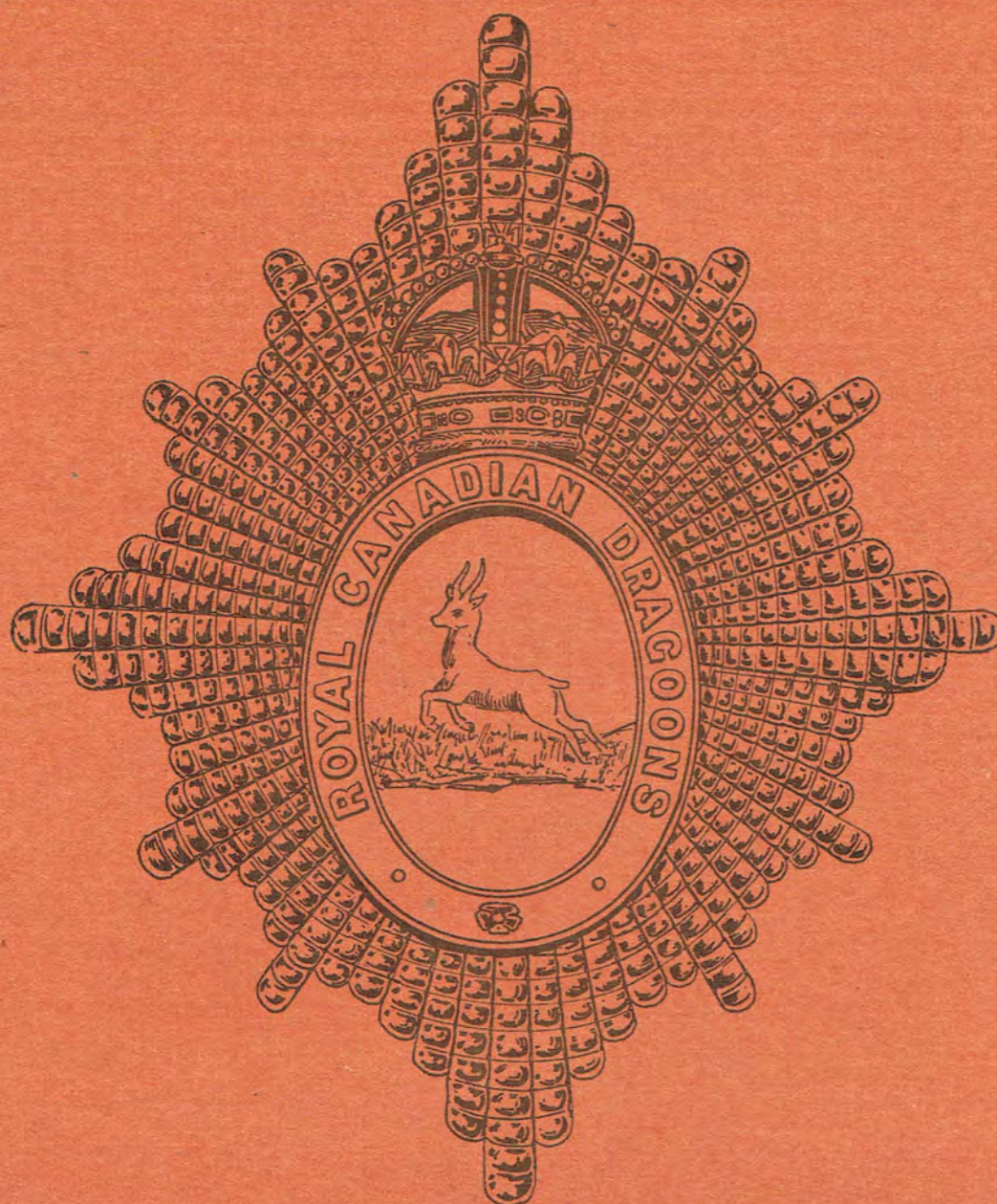
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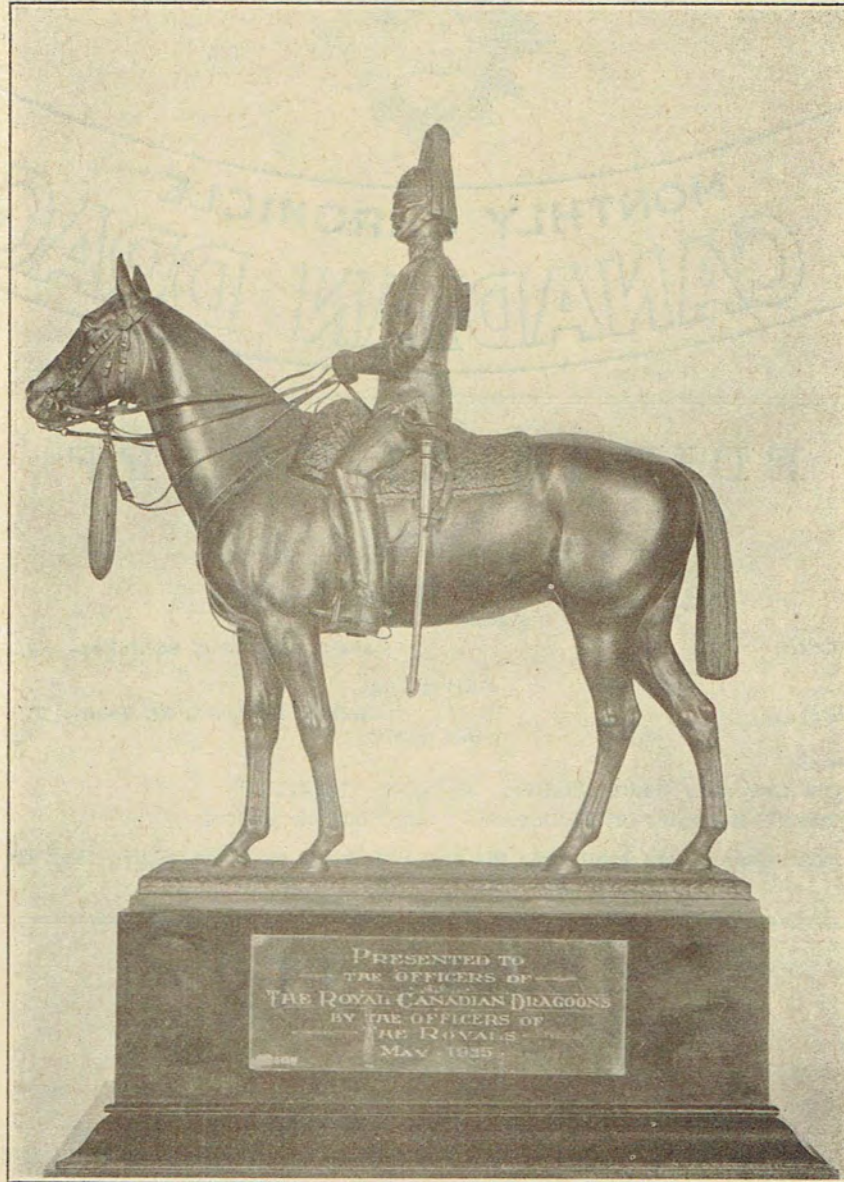
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"Our New Year's Resolution."

THE FACT THAT OUR VARIOUS ISSUES HAVE APPEARED ON IRREGULAR DATES DURING THE PAST YEAR HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MUCH COMPLAINT. COMMENCING WITH OUR JANUARY ISSUE WE HAVE RESOLVED TO GO TO PRESS ON THE TENTH OF EACH MONTH. WE RESPECTFULLY REQUEST THAT ALL CONTRIBUTORS LET US HAVE THEIR COPY BEFORE THAT DATE.

D1999.1379.48



Above is reproduced a photograph of the bronze statue that was received from the officers of the First Royal Dragoons, as a gift to this regiment on the occasion of our official affiliation. The statue is a life-like model of a field officer in review order, mounted on a typical well-bred officer's charger. The details in the model are most complete and clearly show the infinite pains that were taken in its production. It is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. Particularly interesting is this handsome gift to this regiment on account of our uniform and equipment being identical with that of the Royals.

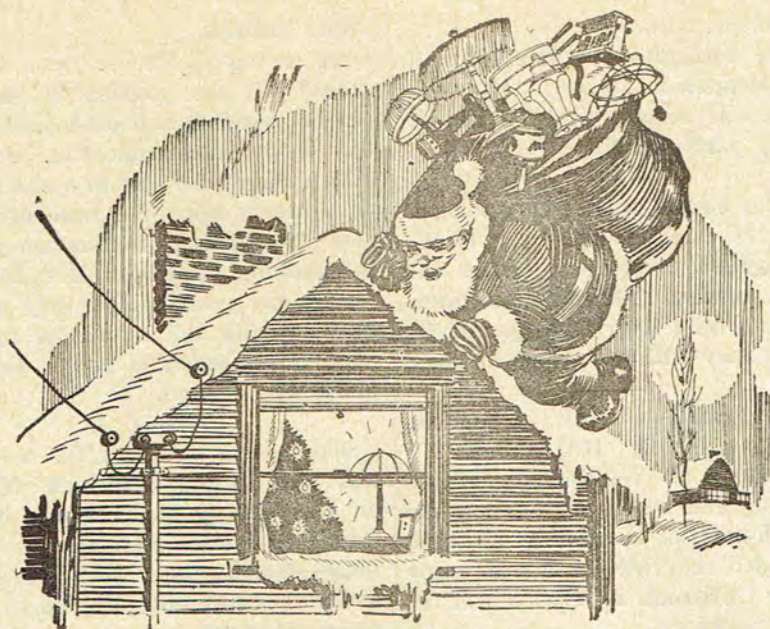
All ranks of the regiment owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Royals for such a beautiful and fitting gift.

Editorial.

Our readers will in all probability receive their copy of our December issue whilst they are in the throes of Christmas shopping, and full of the genial excitement that comes from the parcelling and despatching of Xmas gifts to many friends. The practice of exchanging gifts at this time of the year is a very old one, and is one of the few beautiful customs that still survive in this sophisticated world of today. It dates from that eventful morn of long ago when the "Three Wise Men" journeyed out of the East that they might lay their tokens of love and adoration at the feet of the Redeemer, who had come into the world to preach the gospel of peace and love. And the same Christmas spirit still lives. At this time of the year everyone radiates happiness; one forgives old wrongs, renews old friendships, and we all strive to start off again on a basis of love and mutual understanding. The Christmas season is perhaps the most anticipated event of the year, and from the youngest to the oldest it has its own peculiar charm. The kiddies long, mother promises but poor old father pays, and even though he may grumble a bit and audibly wish the Christmas season over, he derives as much enjoyment out of the Yuletide festival as any youngster. His grumbles only act as a cloak for his innate sentimentality.

And, following the ancient custom, "The Goat" has a present for its readers. We offer you, as an Xmas gift, the untiring and willing labour our staff has expended in trying to get this issue to press on time. Owing to the fact that the last two numbers were very late in going to press, the timely publication of our December number has been no mean achievement. But it has been a labour of love. We wanted you to have your copy that it might augment your Xmas joys.

In the midst of our pleasures on Christmas Day many of us will allow our thoughts to stray back to those other Christmas Days spent under very different conditions in far-off countries. Memory will carry us back to Pond Farm, 1914; to Neuve Eglise, 1915; to Woignarue, 1916; to Roisel, 1917; and to Ivoz Ramet, 1918. Old scenes will flit before us, and the sad, sweet memories of old friends who have "gone before" will bring back to our minds the days of comradeship. And when we charge our glasses and drink to "Absent Friends," it would not hurt us a bit if we breathed a



A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS

North Pole, December 6, 1926

To the Editor of "The Goat,"
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I have just received a wireless message from Major Timmis asking me to try and come to the Officers' Mess on Wednesday, December 22nd.

I would not miss the Christmas Tree for the world, and though I am very busy I shall be there "with bells." I hope the children have all been very good during the year because I have lots of nice toys, but I can only give them to good little boys and girls.

Tell the children I hope they will bring their fathers and mothers to the Christmas Tree, because I always like to meet them, and I am looking forward to meeting the new little boys and girls who ar-

rived at the barracks during the year 1926.

I received another wireless from Lieut.-Col. Bell asking me to call at Stanley Barracks, and telling me that Geraldine Berteau had left Toronto and come to St. Johns. I will be glad to welcome her.

I would like to write some more, but as you know I have so many letters to write at this time of the year.

Please tell Mr Chadwick to have the chimney in the Officers' Mess clean, and also have the children tell their daddies to have the chimneys clean at their own houses, because I will try to come back to their homes on Christmas Eve.

Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Editor, and please give all the dear children my love.

From your old friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

prayer that we might be granted the strength to live as nobly as they have died.

That your cup of happiness may be brim-full on this Xmas Day, and that the New Year may hold a full measure of health and happiness for you, is the sincere wish of

THE EDITOR.

Personal & Regimental

(St. Johns)

Captain G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., has taken over the Editor's chair of "The Goat," Captain M. H. A. Drury having been transferred to "B" Squadron.

All ranks of the regiment join in wishing our brothers officers, warrant officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the "Royals" heartiest greet-

command of the station. His international reputation as a horseman is known to all ranks, and we heartily welcome him as C.O. of our rural station.

Congratulations to Sgt. Britt, Cpl. Bentley and Cpl Desnoyers on obtaining sergeant's certificates.

Tprs. Ross, Russell and Story on obtaining corporal's certificates.

Tpr. Gilmore on his appointment to Lance-Corporal.

Our ever-popular friend, Tpr. Harry Gravel has kindly donated a novel by Irving Cobb to the library. We wish to thank him not only for this gift but for the spirit in which it was presented.

On Friday, December 17th, Troopers J. Leonard and E. Anderson left us for "pastures new." Tpr. Leonard served with the C. E.F. during 1917-1919 in the 258th Battalion. He joined the R.C.D. at Toronto on the 9th of September, 1919 and was with them until August, 1924. After three months of civilian life he rejoined the R.C.D. at St. Johns in November, 1924, remaining with us until this month. Tpr. Anderson joined us on December 18th, 1924, having exactly two years service on the date of his discharge.

"Andy" and "Benny" have our best wishes for their future success.

Tpr. H. L. Dobson "returned to the fold" last month, having been as far west as Vancouver. He says that the "milk and honey" situation in the west is critical, to say the least.

Troopers "Frenchy" Lefebvre and A. F. Charlton were taken on strength this month. Tpr. Lefebvre was transferred from "B" Squadron as groom to Captain G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., and is an old



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friend of ours.

He brought with him Tpr. R. M. Henderson, also of "B" Sqn., who will remain with us till the early part of 1927.

The editor wishes to apologize for the insertion in "The Goat" paragraph relating to L.Cpl. and Mrs. Jewkes. There was no intention to hurt their feelings and we trust they will accept our apology.

All ranks of "A" Squadron join in wishing "H.Q." and "B" Squadron the compliments of the season, and we hope that now the death-knell of the O.T.A. has been sounded they will be able to enjoy their Christmas festivities in a fitting manner.

Capt. M. H. A. Drury has been granted a month's leave, commencing December 1st.

News has been received from Major Bowie that Mrs. Bowie and himself are situated at 58 Jermyn Street, London, SW1. Capt. Grant, who was on two weeks' leave in London, called upon them.

Major Bowie accompanied Major General MacBrien to Canterbury to witness the tank demonstration put on for the benefit of the Dominion Premiers and the staff of the War Office. It was considered a wonderful show.

The Major has conscientiously foregone ten days' leave to attend the M.G. School before the Xmas holidays. He reports money being very short and prices high. What price St. Johns?

Cheer up, Major, "The Goat" is on its way and will carry more news than any letter.

Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick reported to "A" Squadron on the night of November 30th, on transfer from "B" Squadron, R.C.D. All ranks join in welcoming 'Gus' to the station; his good qualities as a horseman and fine sport have preceded him, and although we are sorry that "B" Squadron are the losers we are at the same time very glad to be the gainers.

A very pleasant tea party took place in the Officers' Mess on Tuesday, November 30th, being greatly enjoyed by all. Previously all officers and their wives who were present at the station foregathered and spent a very enjoyable time, sorting, arranging and bagging presents for the children's Xmas tree. Mrs. Balders presided at the tea, the following being present: Col. Piche, Major and Mrs. Williams, Capt. and Mrs. Berteau, Capt. and Mrs. Hammond, and

Capt. Nicholls.

In trying to decide upon who should fill the position of Santa on the eventful and oft-looked-for day a promise from Col. Piche that he might be able to assist met with hearty approval from everyone. All ranks in the station join in thanking Capt. and Mrs. Balders for the great trouble they took in procuring the numerous presents, their splendid choice being much appreciated.

The second dance of the season was held in the Sergeants' Mess on the evening of December 3rd. Owing to a rival attraction in the town—the football banquet—the attendance was not quite up to its usual standard, but those present certainly had a good time, if appearances count for anything. The Barracks Orchestra was heartily congratulated at the termination of the dance on the excellent music provided.

S.M. (W.O.I.) Avery, of Military District No. 4, was in town a few times during the past month. He inspected our crumbling ruins and tendered the usual promises for future repairs.

S.M. (W.O.I.) Dowdell has left for Quebec to take charge of a school for "Proficiency in Riding." The course will not conclude until the latter part of January, but we expect to see (and hear) "Johnny" during the Xmas holidays.

(Toronto)

The Canadian International Team saw a good deal of Col. D. D. Young, who commanded "B" Squadron in Stanley Barracks before the war. Colonel "Douglas" was very kind to the team, and amongst other things gave them a wonderful hunt with Mrs. Bowman's hounds in the Westchester County on November 30th. We wish Col. Young the best of luck in his position as manager of the Westchester Biltmore County Club and Polo Manager.

Tpr. "Taffy" Morgan is proceeding home on furlough pending discharge to his old home-town, "Port Talbot," South Wales. We very much regret to lose him from the squadron and hope he will have every success in his new sphere of life.

After running three miles a man jumped from the cliffs near Calais and was picked up two miles out at sea. This we believe to be the first attempt to jump the Channel.—Punch.

CAPTAIN DRURY'S DEPARTURE

In this number we regret to announce the departure from the station of Capt. and Mrs. M. H. A. Drury, as Capt. Drury has been transferred to "B" Squadron at Toronto.

The Drury's home in "Alibi Row" has always been an "open house;" officers, wives and friends were always sure of a ready welcome. It was a case of "Walk in and make yourself at home."

"The Boy's" relationship with this station has been of long duration, he having been one of the few remaining officers who originally came down with "A" Squadron to St. Johns from Toronto in 1919. Since that time he has given of his best in assisting to maintain the splendid name which the squadron has always possessed.

After the departure of Major Stethem he took over the arduous duties of station adjutant, which he has faithfully and ably carried out up to the time of his transfer. He also took over the editorship of "The Goat" (quite an undertaking considering the amount of work he had on hand), much of the success of the paper being due to his and the assistant editor's untiring efforts.

It is fully realized that leaving an old and long-established home is a considerable wrench. The Drury's, however, have the happy knack of making real friends wherever they settle.

"The Boy" is at present on leave until he reports at Toronto on December 31st. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Drury and he will remain at their old residence, "Alibi Row," until the latter part of the month, when Mrs. Drury leaves for Sherbrooke to visit her mother.

"Whatever is best, is the best we wish thee," expresses the feeling of all ranks of the station towards Capt. and Mrs. Drury on their departure.

A sailor brought home a parrot for his mother. "It is a clever bird," said he, "and never uses obscene talk. It can do very amusing tricks."

His mother invited friends to tea and the sailor brought out the parrot to do tricks.

He stretched a piece of rope across the room and the parrot solemnly walked across, balancing itself with great ingenuity. The spectators laughed heartily at the ridiculous. Whereupon the parrot on reaching the other end of the rope, turned upon them and said sharply:

"Yes. Very funny, I admit, but demned difficult."

Bytown Bits.

Winter Fair. — An outstanding equine event the latter part of November was the Ottawa Winter Fair that was held the week of the 22nd. Large entries from all parts of Ontario and Quebec were shown. The famous musical ride of the R.C.D. was put on by a detachment from "B" Squadron under command of Capt. J. Wood. I was pleased to see old-timers like S.S.M. Copeland, F.Q.M.S. Madden, Sergt. King and Pte. Walters in the turn-out. All the old warriors received greeting from overseas members of the regiment, who are now located in Ottawa. The evening of the 27th the sergeants of the P.L.D.G. entertained in honour of the N.C.O.'s of the ride.

The work of Captain L. D. Hammond, with Sergt. Murphy and Witchcraft, was favourably commented on by the large audience that turned out and the winning of the broad jump by Sergt. Murphy, with his owner up, was received by round after round of applause. The officers of the P. L.D.G. maintained a box, decorated with the regimental crest and lances, during the week. The ring was in charge of Major James Widgery, who was as popular with the house as ever. His chief second was Sergt. Trumpeter Wilson, P.L.D.G.

Inspected Stables. — During the Winter Fair His Excellency Viscount Willingdon made a special trip to the Fair to inspect the horses out of the musical ride. He was much impressed with the turn-out and spent some time chatting with the members of the unit. Captain Wood had the honour of luncheon with His Excellency at Government House on the 25th.

Parliament Opens. — The usual military ceremonies in connection with the opening of Parliament were observed on the 10th instant. The guard of honour from the G. G.F.G. presented a snappy appearance and the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., fired the customary salute from Parliament Hill. The escort from the P.L.D.G., 23 strong, was under command of Lieut. H. R. T. Gill, with Lieut. E. P. Taylor assisting. The guard of honour and the escort wore review order with cloaks.

Start Stables. — The officers of the P.L.D.G. have started a regimental stable in Ottawa. Some 10 horses have been procured as a starter, the officers buying them and stabling them at the Exhibi-

tion grounds. Two stablemen are employed and it is the intention to add to the string in order that the unit will in time have sufficient mounts to horse the regimental escorts. It is the intention to use these horses for equitation classes in connection with the regiment.

Old Comrades Association. — Recent letters in "The Goat," more especially one from Mr. Powell in the November issue, have attracted my attention. Some four or five years ago I tried my best to get a branch of the association formed and although notices were published in papers in Ottawa and the Ottawa Valley, I only received one response. There is no reason why a branch in eastern Ontario and Montreal could not be formed, and if Mr. Powell could get the addresses of the former members from headquarters of the regiment and send out a circular letter no doubt he could get a good number of replies.

Good-bye Hull. — The first day of December, 1926, will go down in the annals of time as a red letter day for the thirsty souls of the province of Ontario. The grim forces of Methodism have been vanquished and now the free and independent citizen of the province can buy a crock without a prescription from the doctor or bootlegging it from Hull with the consequent feeling of being a criminal. Just what effect it will have on the sister city across the river is a question. The dealers there have been making the thirsty ones pay prices far in advance of the Montreal rates and a drop in the tariff is looked for. In Ottawa the different messes will be able to function without the fear of the strong bokmen of the cadi, and it may be that the Over and Back Club will cease to exist. This club has not functioned as strongly as it used to owing to the various changes at Headquarters, and the newer Brighter Ottawa Club will no doubt have an increased membership.

Have Returned. — Major General J. H. MacBrien and Mrs. MacBrien have returned from the Imperial Conference.

Will Receive. — The various officers and sergeants messes of the Ottawa and Hull garrison will keep open house on New Year's Day.

To England. — Major General A.

"To the King's taste"

Buckingham



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15¢ Per Package

1/2 lb. Tins 80¢

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G. McNaughton, accompanied by his family, will leave for England the latter part of the month. Gen. McNaughton will be absent for two years on loan to the War Office for duty with the new Army, Navy and Air College.

Leaves for India. — Major Laughlin Hughes, R.C.H.A., will leave for India in January for a two years' course at the Indian Staff College at Quetta.

Soldiers Elected. — In the recent provincial elections Mr. A. E. Honeywell was elected as a Conservative in North Ottawa. He served with the C.F.A. during the late war. In the civic elections Lieut. J. Warren York, P.L.D.G., was elected an alderman for Capital Ward.

Was This So? — Telegraphic despatches tell us that some members of the R.C.D. at Stanley Barracks were not allowed to vote at the provincial elections. Maybe the authorities had in mind the loss of liquid refreshments intended for a dinner that was held there last spring.

Cheerful Christmas Thoughts. — Another blinking year has rolled around and here we are at the end of 1926. Much water has flowed under the Interprovincial bridge

With the Compliments
of the Season
and Best Wishes for
your Happiness and
Prosperity for the
New Year 1927.



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Service Dress Embroidery of all
kinds. Every Cap Badge in stock,
together with every Military Re-
quisite.

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GENERAL—Miniature and Full-size
Medals, Ribbons, Badges of every
description. Blue and S.D. Caps,
Swagger Canes.

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and many things have happened.
The main thing to remember at
this festive season is that although
you may not feel any older than
you did this time last year, yet
you are 365 days nearer the grave.

Honourary Aides Appointed.—
The Governor-General has an-
nounced the following honorary
aides-de-camp:

Brig.-General C. H. MacLaren,
Ottawa; Brig.-General T. L. Trem-
blay, Quebec; Brig.-General E. De
Panet, Montreal; Colonel A. J. E.
Kirkpatrick, Toronto; Colonel C.
M. Edwards, Ottawa; Colonel Ib-
botson Leonard, London; Colonel
H. I. Stevenson, Winnipeg; Col-
onel H. S. Tobin, Victoria; Temp-
Colonel L. P. Sherwood, Ottawa;
Lt.-Col. H. Des Rosiers, Quebec;
Lt.-Col. A. A. Magee, Montreal;
Lt.-Col. K. R. Marshall, Toronto;
Lt.-Col. D. J. Macdonald, Regina;
Lt.-Col. L. R. Lafliche, Ottawa; Lt-
Col. B. W. Roscoe, Halifax; Lt-
Col. F. M. Steel, Calgary; Lt.-Col.
Herbert Molson, Montreal; Lt.-Col.
N. P. MacLeod, St. John, N.B.

Wing Commander J. L. Gordon,
Ottawa; Commander Massey Gool-
den, Halifax; Lt.-Col. G. E. Full,
Charlottetown; Lt.-Col. C. B. Topp
Ottawa; Commander Percy W.
Nelles, Esquimaux; Asst-Comm-
ander G. S. Worsley, Ottawa.

Honourary physician.—Brig-
General H. S. Birkett, Montreal.

Cavalrymen Appointed.—For
the first time since the war cavalry
officers have received appoint-
ments as honorary A.D.C.'s. Those
who get the posts are Col. Ib-
botson Leonard, commanding 1st
Mounted Brigade; Col. L. P. Sher-
wood, the 2nd Mounted Brigade;
and Lieut.-Col. D. J. (Hootch)
Macdonald, L.S.H. Commander
Percy Nelles is a son of General
Charles Nelles.

DON'T SHOW YOUR WIFE THIS

British insurance offices are less
conservative in their methods of
advertising than in days past; but
they have not yet advanced so far
in their use of the rythmical arts
as is exemplified in the following
parody issued by an American com-
pany, which thus sought to win
over prospective customers:

"Wives of great men all remind us
We may make our wives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Widows, worthy of our time.
Therefore, give your wife a send-
off

By the life insurance plan:
Fix her so that when you go hence
She can scoop another man."

Horse Show, Ottawa Winter Fair.

"A" Squadron, Royal Cana-
dian Dragoons, was represented at
the Ottawa Winter Fair by Capt.
L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., who took
with him his chestnut mare 'Witch-
craft' and a bay gelding, 'Ser-
geant Murphy.' The latter is a
remount and previous to the show
had only about six weeks school-
ing over the jumps; but against
the stiff opposition encountered at
the Winter Fair he demonstrated
that he is a real jumper, and with
a little more experience will be
heard from him in the future. Tpr
Brunelle went as groom and re-
port that he had a very enjoyable
trip.

The entries were quite large and
contained the names of many well-
known exhibitors, including Miss
E. Viau, of Montreal, who, beside
her splendid hackneys, had about
nine hunters. Then there was Mr.
F. T. O'Connor, of Toronto, who
had 'Limerick,' 'Killarney,'
and 'Dublin,' ridden by Mr.
'Steve Brody.' The Gold Note
Stock Farm was well represented.
Mr. Bate had at least six splendid
jumpers ridden by Capt. Henry
Bate and his popular brother, Mr.
Donald Bate. The ever-smiling
Capt. 'Pete' Bate riding and
jumping his splendid mare 'Gar-
ter' was also much in evidence,
as was his sister, Mrs. W. N. Fen-
ton, who put up a splendid per-
formance, jumping her mare
'Marigold,' winning at least two
ribbons in this her first attempt
at jumping before the ever-critical
public. Mr. R. E. Webster had his
great jumping horse, 'Going Up,'
ridden by J. G. McKerehee. This
horse received second prize in the
high jump at the Toronto Winter
Fair.

There were quite a number of
other horses but space will not per-
mit them to be mentioned here.
Capt. Hammond was quite success-
ful with his entries, winning ten
ribbons and obtaining prizes in the
following events:

Middleweight Hunters—'Witch-
craft' jumped very well in this
event, but was beaten by the bet-
ter-bred horses on conformation.

Military and Police Jump Class
—In this event 'Sergeant Mur-
phy' made the only clean per-
formance and was awarded first
prize.

High Jump.—'Witchcraft,' ex-
ercising her feminine prerogative,
decided to be temperamental in
this event. She cleared five foot
six, and, refusing to go any high-
er, was awarded third place.

Lightweight Hunters. — 'Ser-

geant Murphy' jumped willingly
in this class but could do no better
than carry off third place.

Following are newspaper reports
of the show:

Ottawa Citizen—'Maintaining
the high quality of its programs
and its record patronage, the Horse
Show at Lansdowne Park last even-
ing again provided thrilling enter-
tainment for a crowd of 3,000 en-
thusiastic spectators. Featuring
the card of events was the pair-
jumping, which brought a classy
field of twenty pairs into the ring.
'Witchcraft' and 'Sergeant Mur-
phy' ridden by Capt. Hammond
and Capt. Bate, turned in a finish-
ed performance to take a close de-
cision from 'Batchelor's Maid'
and 'Batchelor's Star,' the entry
from the Gold Note Stock Farm.'

Montreal Gazette.—'The intri-
cate triple bar jump, the feature
of last night's horse show, held in
connection with the Ottawa Win-
ter Fair, brought out some daring
jumping. Three fine hunters,
'Sergeant Murphy,' 'Going Up'
and 'Limerick,' leaped in a spec-
tacular fashion over the three bars
—a distance of ten feet. The blue
rosette was awarded to 'Sergeant
Murphy,' owned and ridden by
Capt. L. D. Hammond, of the R.
C.D., St. Johns, Que., who regis-
tered what the judges declared to
be a perfect performance. 'Go-
ing Up,' owned by R. E. Webster,
Ottawa, took the red ribbon, with
'Limerick,' owned by F. P. Con-
nor, of Toronto, taking third prize.

'The 1926 Winter Fair and
Horse Show came to a successful
conclusion here on Saturday night,
after a record attendance for the
week. The feature of the closing
performance was the winning of
the jumping stakes and pen jump-
ing by the entries of Capt. L. D.
Hammond, R.C.D., St. Johns. In
the first event Capt. Hammond
rode his 'Sergeant Murphy,' and
in the latter his chestnut mare
'Witchcraft.'

Capt. Hammond reports that he
saw nearly all the 'powers that
be' from National Defence Head-
quarters during the week's show.
The ever-genial Major Jim Widg-
ery was there performing (novice
class) the duties of ringmaster; his
smile gets broader every year but
rapidly dies away should an ex-
hibitor be late in entering the
ring. Among those observed in
the boxes were Col. and Mrs. W.
A. Blue, Capt. and Mrs. Gill, Col.
Walker, Capt. and Mrs. Gervin,
and many others too numerous to
mention. Mrs. Hammond joined
Capt. Hammond during the show,
and reported that she had an excel-
lent trip.

'B' Squadron, R.C.D., had a 24
file musical ride at Ottawa, under

command of Capt. J. Wood, R.C. D., and the volume of applause that greeted the conclusion of their ride at each performance demonstrated that their show is still as popular as ever with the general public.

Capt. Hammond wishes to express his appreciation to all officials of the Ottawa Winter Fair for the courtesy and hospitality shown him during his stay in the Capital and hopes to be able to compete there again in the near future.

Writing Home.

Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

December 17, 1926

Dear Dad:—

Well, Dad, here I am out of hospital at last. How I ever got out will make you wonder after reading my last few letters, but between you and I it worked out fine. First of all I want to tell you as how I won't be home for Christmas this year but will be with you for New Years. You see only half of us guys can get away at a time, cause the gees has got to be looked after, and if the snow falls deep here it takes the whole works to dig a path so the Officers' Mess secretary can get down to the store where they they dispense Xmas cheer at three and a half bucks per.

The way they work it so as some goes and some stays is like this. The sergeant comes around and asks each guy whether he wants to go at Xmas or New Year and then the sergeant major "Almighty Voice" picks out the guys what go. I don't want to make no insinuations, Dad, cause I know this guy must be on the level cause he spends so much time "on the square," but I reads over the list of the Santa Clause guys and it seemed kind of queer to me that they was all guys which has a pretty good liking for beer. Of course we gets free beer at our Xmas dinner and if the guys left don't drink it all it don't remain over for New Years and some one just has to get rid of it. Don't think I am saying that that was the reason the thirsty guys got home, but I just wondered that's all, why they all seemed to be going.

I will tell you, Dad, how I happen to be out of the hospital with my wrist and everything all fixed up. You see I was supposed to do a lot of fixing and decorating for the place while I was in bed, and as soon as I got a couple of hundred yards of paper fixed up

The personel of the store of Georges St. Germain take this opportunity of conveying their thanks for the patronage which you have been kind enough to give them this year, and offer you at the same time their most sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas; Health, Happiness and Prosperity for the New Year.

The personel of Georges St. Germain

an eperdemic of colds and such like breaks out in barracks and the hospital begins to fill up. How those guys worked. Doc says as how working up a good sweat by manual labour is better an cheaper than drugs and he sure believes in sweating a guy. Well, everything was fixed up fine so that even "The Dook" would want to buy drinks for the crowd as soon as he looks at the Xmas decorations and patients walked up to the operating room singing "Hark the Herald Angels Come," the Sister and the Doc decided to have a party over to see the place. She comes to me and says as how she wants me to stick a piece of mistletoe over the door to her sitting room, cause the boys say as how she has a guy what needs "oughto suggestion" before doing his stuff. Well, I gets a nice piece and hangs it up, but the party is put off a couple of days cause this Romeo guy, what is a banker has to go out in his car to a place in the country to change a five spot. Ordinarily the trip would take a couple of hours but this car has to stop every time another one passes, so the driver can see who goes by and not miss the customer for the home town bank.

Well, Dad, the day of the party arrives and a lot of guys and their "sweeties" come to see the show. I wuz looking over the railing to see the fun and the Sister wuz peekin out the door so as to be sure and meet the local Morgan at the right spot. Well, when he come, she jams him in the door and she shakes his hand somethin firee. He kind of shuffles a bit and shakes the green round the door and down comes the mistletoe, but nobody notices it cept me. Well, nurse says, this is a Xmas rehearsal and you should do just what you do on Xmas Day. The guy looks kind of queer and says he ain't bring no present. Why, you silly

man, she says, I don't mean that, act towards me as if this was Xmas and if you don't know how you should look over your head. With that Sister closes her eyes and waits kind of expectant, like Bill Jewkes when the canteen hour comes around. The guy looks up and there above his head is a big spider's web with a fly in it. He lets out a moan and grabs his hat and is out of the door before you could say "Jack Robinson." Of course I gets the blame and they think I done it on purpose, but anyway here I am out of that bone palace and remain as always,

Your loving son,

JIM.

"THE EVIL THAN MEN DO—"

"As their fathers did in days gone by."

We are pleased to record that the first troop candidates at the last N.C.O.'s course kept alive the best traditions of the army. Someone had evidently informed them that the canteen was the most suitable place where, among other things knowledge could be readily absorbed. One thing they did learn was that it is not only the woman who pays.

The following tale concerns an ingenuous youth whose nationality will become apparent as the tale progresses. It appears that one of our newly-arrived officers, with a commendable disregard for expense, decided to have chicken for dinner. The fowl duly arrived on the table, but like most chickens in St. Johns, it proved rather tough. During one of the intervals between muttered imprecations the officer advised his better half that it would be better to purchase these fowls at the weekly market, adding that a live bird was always a

better buy, as one could readily determine its age. Overhearing this remark, the batman approached the table and confided in a whisper that one could always tell a chicken's age by its teeth. He returned later and bashfully apologized, remarking, "I'm sorry, sir; it's not a chicken's age you tell by its teeth; it's a rabbit's."

We wish to report for the benefit of our readers that Sergeant Harris has not been absent on leave during the past month.

It is rumoured that Comrade Tommy Howe will not exchange Xmas cards with Comrade Trotsky this year. We understand that since Tommy has got on in the world his sympathies have gone over to the capitalists.

We are prepared to back our sergeant-tailor against any talking machine on the continent, ladies included. We have yet to find a subject on which he can be stumped.

A numbers of the members of the men's mess are not eating much these days. They are reserving their appetites for the long-promised banquet to which they have been invited by the barracks spendthrift. So many invitations have been issued in the canteen, especially around "pay night," that someone has suggested that the ducks may be only decoys. The affair will be very well attended, and it is rumoured that the delay is owing to the fact that the host wishes to add a few deer to the already Gargantuan Feast.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SUNG IN THE CANTEEN

Ohm, Ohm, sweetah, sweetah ohm,
Bee ee tevar so wumbul
There snow play slike ohum.



L. D. Trudeau

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A salesman asked a Scottish farmer to buy a bicycle. "They are cheap now and I can let you have one for seven pounds."

"I would rather put the money in another cow," the farmer said, reflectingly.

"You would look mighty foolish riding around your farm on a cow, now wouldn't you?" said the salesman.

Said the Scot: "No more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."

The Garrison Rifle Association.

Winter activities of the Rifle Association will soon be in full swing. A Christmas prize shoot will be held in December and the various team shoots will commence in January. This year's teams gallery practice and revolver competition will be entered in the D.C.R.A. competitions; also in the Montreal and District Miniature Rifle Association competitions.

The gallery practice conditions are the same as last year, — one shoot a month from January to April, all members may fire and the best ten scores are sent to Ottawa.

In addition to prizes supplied by the Garrison Rifle Association are the D.C.R.A. cup, trophy and spoons. The cup presented by Col. C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., A.D.C., Ottawa, will be awarded to the team having the highest aggregate score throughout the series.

A D.C.R.A. challenge trophy will be awarded to the competitor securing the highest total score in the four matches. A special prize will be awarded to the member of each association making the highest aggregate in the four matches.

Spoons will be awarded to each member making: Special, 380 points, average 95%; 1st Class, 360 points, average 90%; and 2nd Class, 340 points, average 85%.

Revolver Competition

Competition (b) Service revolvers calibre .455, maximum length of barrel excluding cylinder 7½" minimum trigger pull, 4 lbs.

Four matches to be fired, one each month. Scores to be fired indoors at twenty measured yards. The D.C.R.A. revolver timed match target (coat) to be used.

Number of rounds, eighteen; six to be fired at each of three match targets. Each string of six shots to be fired within 25 seconds. Time to be taken from the word "commence" which will be given after the competitor has loaded, but before the revolver is brought to the aiming position. In on any one target full credit shall be given for each shot, subject to a penalty of one point for each shot in excess on any target, and five points for each shot in excess of the required number. Five points deducted for each shot fired after expiration of time limit.

The D.C.R.A. shield is awarded to the winning team. Special prize for the highest individual score in each association, and D.C.R.A. spoons.

Special aggregate, 75%; First Class, 66%; Second Class, 60%.

Montreal and District Miniature Rifle Association.

Team of six men, best five scores to count, D.M.R.A. official, six bull target to be used. One sighting shot and ten on score. Cup and spoons awarded for high team and individual average.

—R.J.B.

SERGEANTS' MESS ANNUAL SHOOT

The tradesmen's shoot was held early in September and a large number of prizes were distributed. Owing to the fact that about ten members were unable to participate the award of the cups was held over until these members were able to compete. The first party had a high wind to contend with, and the second party during the latter part of October had both wind and cold weather. The Gaunt Cup for highest total aggregate was won by Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown. S.M.I. J. H. Dowdell and Q.M.S.I. Brown tied for the honorary members' aggregate cup. S. M.I. Dowdell, with the highest score at the longest range, won the cup. D'Orsennens' cup, for highest score at 500 yards, was won by Q.M.S.I. Brown. Dow's rapid-fire cup, 300 yards, Q.M.S.I. Brown. The d'Orsennens cup is a new one, presented to the Sergeants' Mess by Major Henri d'Orsennens, Chateauguay Regiment, St. Johns.

The Sergeants' Mess wish to express their thanks to those who made the shoot possible by their generous donation of prizes.

A MORAL LITTLE TALE

(By Joaquin Maria Bartrina)

John had a diamond of great price, and in order to appreciate what he had he studied chemistry; and excited, breathless, he analyzed the diamond.

But, oh, horrors! That perfect jewel, in appearance like some star's tear, he found with wrath and with profound rancour, was nothing but a little piece of lamp-black.

If you wish to keep your happiness, as you say you do, don't analyze, my boy; don't analyze.

Things we overhear:

"If I kissed you, would you yell?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I've got such a wretched cold my voice has completely gone, and anyway there's nobody else in the house."

DEATH OF DR. FARWELL

The deepest sympathy of all ranks Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, is extended to Mrs. Farwell and her daughter, Mrs. M. H. A. Drury, in the loss of Dr. W. A. Farwell, who died at Sherbrooke on November 30th.

Dr. Farwell had resided and practised in Sherbrooke for a number of years. In March of this year he suffered a paralytic stroke, another following a few weeks ago, from which he never recovered.

CONCERNING OUR FRONTISPIECE

The following letter has been forwarded to the O.C. 1st Royal Dragoons.

Dear Colonel Hodgson:—

In the month of August last I received a communication from Messrs. Carrington and Co., Ltd., 130 Regent Street, informing me that by the desire of "the Officers of the Royals," they were shipping per Messrs. Wheatley, a bronze equestrian statuette to the Officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. On our return from summer camp recently the statuette duly arrived and was cleared through the customs.

On behalf of the officers of the regiment, which I have the honour to command, I desire to express our deep appreciation of your kindly thought in commemorating our affiliation with you, of which we are all sincerely proud. Will you therefore please convey to your officers our grateful thanks and also that it is their intention to reciprocate and present to you something suitable in return, as soon as the form of presentation has been decided upon and selected.

May I add that the statuette arrived quite undamaged, and is a beautiful bit of work, greatly admired by all and will occupy an honoured place in the Messroom.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

Walker Bell.

There was an old fellow named Fred,
Who was a devil for dancing, some said,
When he met a nice girl
He set her awheel
With remarks that made her all red.

Correspondence.

14 St. John Street,
Montreal, Que.

The Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I wonder if you can spare me a small piece of "The Goat." Thanks very much. I need it for the sole purpose of wishing all past and present members of our regiment a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In this age of jazzy frivolities it is pleasant to discover that sentiment is not yet totally relegated to the past but continues to flourish as strong as ever. Most of us deem it proper to scornfully turn up our noses at such foolish things as Christmas cards, but just the same would feel terribly neglected if everybody else thought the same way and discontinued the old, old custom. For myself, I like it all. I like to fancy that someone went into a shop with me in their mind and carefully picked a card just specially for me. No doubt this sounds childish when put down in black and white, but as most of us feel the same way about it there is absolutely no need for me to apologize.

We old-timers will recall with pleasure other Christmas Days celebrated in France or Belgium. We will remember the boys who have gone on. The boys who did their bit at the cost of their lives. These must never be forgotten. We who knew them cannot forget, but you who knew them not can honour them just the same. You see, they were good fellows, just as we. They have gone on, and we who remain behind must carry on where they left off. They (and we also) supposed this world would be a bit better after the war. It is not much, is it? Just the same it is up to us to do our bit towards making things more comfortable for each other. If we would only try to understand the other fellow a bit things would be easier right away. Do your bit. Do not judge the other fellow too harshly because you cannot understand him. Make allowances. You are not without fault yourself. After all we are here for so short a time that it seems wasteful to spend any of it in making things uncomfortable for the other fellow. All this old world needs is a fuller understanding of each other. Try it, please.

Am very much afraid I sound like a smug, ineffectual Sunday school teacher. Can't be helped, however. Unfortunately, in no sense of the word can I be considered "religious." Shocking confession, is it not? Just the

same, there is nothing I admire more than a sincere Christian. So, my friends, here's my Christmas message to you all. Peace and Goodwill. This is not original, but is still as good a combination as one could wish for. Peace and Goodwill. Sounds fine. Why not try it? Let us be good to each other. We will all benefit from the experience. Shall us? Let's, do let's.

This is all. I have done. Have a good time, a very good time. Get good and full if you have the opportunity. Wish to goodness I could join you. Failing this I shall do the next best thing. After my friends have charged their glasses, shall bid them drink, a toast to every one of you wishing you all this is well this year, next year, now and for ever.

Cheerio, my friends, if you can't be good, be careful.

Truly yours,
FRED W. POWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

62 Henry Street,
Hempstead, L.I.
December 9, 1926.

Editor, "The Goat,"
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to express through the columns of "The Goat," my opinion of the officers and men who represented Canada this year at the Horse Show, Madison Square Gardens, New York City.

The neatness and smartness, together with the remarkable horsemanship exhibited by the officers, was a credit to the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The applause at each appearance of the Canadian team in the ring would inspire any ex-member of the R.C.D. to be proud of the fact that he at one time was a member of such a distinguished regiment.

I would also like to add a few words regarding the appearance of the horses. None other than earnest and energetic grooms could produce such turn-outs as the men did at each performance. The horses seemed to appear fresh in every class which they were in.

I am positive these men deserve a lot of credit, as a great deal depended upon how they cared for the horses, under the extremely dangerous conditions of stabling at the Madison Square Gardens.

I sincerely wish the R.C.D.'s the best of luck and success in their future exhibits at horse shows and I am eagerly looking forward to the time when they will come back to New York again.

Respectfully yours,

A. MARTIN.
(Ex 372B, R.C.D.)

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Patriotism

Armistice Day is only a day of sad memories to some who still mourn the loss of their loved ones and find little comfort in what the future has to offer. To others it is only another welcome holiday from the daily grind, a chance to rest or play or take that long-postponed fishing trip. But to the nation as a whole it is a day of rejoicing in the memory of the ending of the world's most disastrous war, and a day to call the people to remember that the future still rests in the hands of the present generation of citizens. It is our day, the day when we feel a special surge of patriotism because of what was won by the military forces of our nation.

A teacher some time ago asked her class what a patriot was. Several immediately answered, saying a soldier, one who fights for his country, one who is ready to die for his country, one who helps his country, and they all answered correctly but still they did not say all that might have been said.

A patriot may not try to figure out the meaning of patriotism but he does act as a loyal citizen should

in every emergency. The man in the Service knows that patriotism means many times, long hours of hard and patient training, day after day of fitting himself for the crisis, if it should come, facing the extremes of climate and the dangers of disease. But it means more than that.

Patriotism is one of the highest qualities of citizenship, it instills the spirit of obedience to the laws of the country, it creates the desire to serve, to help instead of being helped, it is the opposite of selfishness. It makes the citizen desire to learn more about the nation's affairs, to take an interest in the political activities, the educational opportunities, the business life, and the social scheme of things generally. In other words, it makes the citizen try to make himself into the best kind of a citizen that he knows how to be. It is easy enough to feel patriotic when the air is throbbing with martial music, when the ranks swing by in perfect cadence, when there is an emotional tug at the heart-strings, but that deeper patriotism shows itself in more quiet ways, in the careful attention to the present task and the readiness to answer the full call of duty.

(—From "Hoofprints.")

Christmas Day, 1918.

(By Major Nordheimer, M.C.)

Xmas, 1918, will always remain in my memory for two reasons; firstly, because it was the only Xmas Day I spent with the regiment in the field, and secondly because the Christmas dinner was possibly the most sumptuous I have ever partaken of. Regimental headquarters and "A" Squadron were billeted at Ivoz Ramet in Belgium, quite close to Liege, and "B" and "C" Squadrons were in small villages nearby. Comfortable quarters, regular hours, excellent rations and varied entertainment made the days after the armistice pleasant living. The Headquarters Mess was in a chateau perched on the top of a steep incline, the winding road leading up to it, fraught with danger to the unwary, especially on days when a heavy frost made its surface a coat of ice.

For days preparations had been going on for the great event. The paymaster, or was it the quartermaster, had been dispatched to no less a place than Paris to purchase those dainties which could be safely transported back in time to be placed before those officers who had not gone on leave. As time was short "Newky" deemed it wise to give the admonition to our gay Lothario, to "love 'em and leave 'em," in order than Xmas dinner would not be spoiled for the want of Xmas delicacies. What a dinner it was. Soup, fish, turkey, beef, plum pudding, ice cream etc., etc. and with each course the necessary liquid refreshment. As far as I recollect, among those present were "Tommy" Moss, commanding "B" Squadron, "Doug" Bowie, second in command of the regiment, "Shrimp" Cochrane, in command of "C" Squadron, "Donnie" Grant, adjutant, "Charlie Rowe" assistant adjutant, "Wilf" Fortye, paymaster, "Burglar" Bray, John Crerar, Wickerson, Johnston, "Dook" Sawers, Lindsay Smeaton, Lenny Case, La Rose, Sheerer, and possibly others whose names have slipped my memory.

After a day devoted to the usual Xmas routine of visiting the men's and sergeants' messes, both of which amply provided for their members, the main event took place in the Chateau. What a wonderful old place it was, complete with stables, winding staircases and rheumatic atmosphere. A huge log fire crackled merrily in the fireplace and warmed the outer layer of those who needed no warmth internally. After the dinner was over speeches came

fast and furious all couched in the spirit of brotherly love and affection. True, some of the speakers appeared to suffer from throat affection but nevertheless their efforts were greeted by cheers and "He's a jolly good fellow" lustily concluded each effort. Finally, those who were able to do so emerged from the banquet hall and indulged in a few playful parlour games. A football match between those on the second floor and those on the first resulted in a win for the second, who scored heavily by throwing Smeaton for a touchdown after a gain of one floor.

The party broke up in the early hours of the morning and those who could tear themselves away did so. An incident fresh to my memory is that of trying to take a short cut to our Mess which was situated immediately facing the bottom of the hill. Walking with somewhat uncertain steps, owing to the failing light, we stepped off the side and dropped some twelve feet into a snow bank, exactly opposite the regimental orderly room door, where a startled sentry endeavoured to be discreet. One of my companions, I will not mention names because he is now a much-respected pillar of the church, I think it is Aimee Semple McPherson's Temple, evinced in no uncertain terms his dislike for his predicament and was admonished by my other playmate to be quiet on account of the sentry, who might easily have heard had he been on duty in Liege, ten kilometres distant. "Whatschamatter," exclaimed the irate one, "he's only a nish kind schentry."

"What is Required of a Good Hunter?"

(By Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.)

A year or so ago the writer pointed out through these columns the many disadvantages the Canadian officer had to contend with in competition with exhibitors at horse shows. One of the handicaps mentioned was the high percentage of marks awarded for conformation in hunter classes. What applied to the soldier applies to the small horse owner, and from recent observation it is evident that existing conditions greatly favour the wealthy exhibitor. It has been most evident at recent shows that the best performers over the jumps have been passed over by the judges when the final awards are being made. Several instances have occurred where horses that have made clean performances have

been out of the money, while horses with as high as seven faults have won the class. In the opinion of the writer this is all wrong.

In the hunting field the horse that can carry its rider through the hunt over all kinds of obstacles, and at a hunting pace, is most certainly preferable to a horse with beautiful conformation who spills you at the first or second jump. Why, then, should the latter be placed over the former in the show ring? Without doubt a good hunter should have conformation, but conformation alone, without the necessary performance, is not sufficient. In the majority of shows 50 per cent is given for performance and 50 per cent for conformation. In other words it would appear as if the judges considered one as important as the other. Surely the first requisite of a hunter is to be able to jump consistently. Where two or more horses have made about the same performance conformation should weigh the judges in making their award, but should not, as is now so often the case, enable a poor performer to defeat a good one.

In the opinion of the writer a new system of scoring points is needed for the hunter classes. To make classes, other than for performance only, open to "hunters and jumpers," is to give the impression that they are both required to perform alike. A jumper should most certainly take his jumps cleanly, while an experienced jumper will often tick the jump, which in the hunting field would not in any way endanger the rider. On the other hand, a hunter that has a "knock-down," either in front or behind, would in all probability come a cropper, had the jump been a solid one. A special system of scoring hunters, eliminating points off for ticks and heavily penalizing knock-downs, with 70 per cent for performance and 30 per cent for conformation, would be more consistent with the qualifications demanded of a good hunter and would enable the owner of one or two horses to compete with some degree of success against the larger stables, whose unlimited capital enables them to purchase horses whose quality and conformation places a market value on them far above the reach of the average rider.

While it may rightfully be said that it is the larger stables that support the average horse show, one should not lose sight of the fact that "quantity often makes up for quality," and encouragement to the smaller exhibitors will induce them to continue, gradually adding to their string until they are in a position to demand at-

tention from horse show promoters. Under existing conditions the best hunters are often never exhibited for the simple reason that the owner feels that his horse is a hunter pure and simple, and not a "show ring jumper." As long as horse shows are dependent on a few stables for their existence, so long will the continuance of these events be precarious. On the other hand, when the owner of one or two horses is made to feel that he has a fair chance of defeating his larger competitors, provided his horses possess the qualifications required of a true hunter or jumper, there will ever be an abundance of entries, without which no show can exist.

Chicago Notes.

Chicago was "en fete" during the visit of the West Point cadets and the "middies" from Annapolis. During the two days the teams and their supporters were the guests of the city everything imaginable was done for their entertainment. The teams, of course, were spirited away on their arrival and did not share in the festivities until after the game on Saturday, but from all accounts they made up for lost time. On Saturday night the Army team was entertained at a dance held by the Army and Navy Club at the Congress Hotel, while the Navy team were the guests of the Greenwich Village Follies at the Southmore.

The Second Annual Horse Show at the Chicago Riding Club opened on Tuesday evening, December 7th, while the entry list was smaller than the previous year, owing to the absence of several well-known stables from New York and Detroit, keen competition was furnished in all classes. Deep regret was expressed on all sides at the absence of the popular International Jumping Competition, but the heavy expenses in this connection were felt to be too great for a private club to undertake. The American officers team from the Cavalry School at Fort Riley competed nightly with a team made up of Chicago riders, but the jumping was far below the standard of the International.

Sir Clifford Sifton's hunters won well-merited applause by their performance and won a number of events. The Sunset Farm entries, all Gold Note Stock Farm bred, did exceptionally well and would have brought a smile to the face of "Hen" Bate, had he seen them jump. Once



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again the method of judging hunter classes evoked considerable comment. The writer has always maintained that this method of scoring so highly for conformation was wrong but it is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

"Nancy Highlands," the wonder saddle horse owned by Miss Maud Fawn Banks, of Los Angeles, carried off the honours in the three-gaited class over stiff opposition. This mare has won 29 blue ribbons and has yet to be defeated. She is perfect in every way and the ideal type. Among the Canadian visitors were noticed Colonel Victor Sifton, Malcolm Richardson, "Steve" Brodie, Miss K. Christie and Miss Beulah Wilson.

Hockey has taken hold in Chicago and already there exists two pro. teams and five senior amateur teams. It is surprising to see the number of Canadians who turn up when players are called for among the amateurs and the class of hockey is splendid. Major McLaughlin, the president of the Chicago "Black Hawks," the professional entry in the N.H.A., is an enthusiastic hockey fan, and his wife, the former Irene Castle, never misses a game.

CHICAGO, PLEASE NOTE

A young man there was named Nordesky,
Who's forte is the game of "Karrinsky,"
Although we all know this habit won't grow
We'd welcome him back to "Alibi Row,"
Just to hear his war cry:
"Get your lamps on my peach from out Westkey."

Pat had seen nearly every clock in the place, but had discarded them all as not being good enough for his purpose.

The weary shopman had exhausted his whole stock except a few cuckoo clocks, so he brought one forward.

"I'll show you what they do," said the salesman, and he set the hands at 12 o'clock, when the door flew open and the cuckoo put out its head and cuckooed. Pat was impressed.

"How do you like that?" asked the salesman: "that's a staggerer for you, isn't it?"

"Faith and I should think it is. It's trouble enough to remember to wind it without having to think of feeding the bird."

The Army—Navy Game.

The tit-bit of American football, the Army-Navy game, took place in Chicago on Saturday, November 27th. In many ways this year's match was unique insofar as it was the first time that the west had been able to stage this great struggle and also because the attendance established a record for this continent. Those who were responsible for bringing the game to Chicago are to be heartily congratulated, not only on the way in which the numerous details in connection with the sale of tickets, transportation, entertainment and accommodation was worked out, but also on the excellent manner in which this huge crowd was handled. When one realizes that it took eight special trains to transport the cadets and midshipmen from West Point and Annapolis, and two hotels to accommodate them when they reached Chicago, one can understand that the handling of such an event was no light undertaking.

110,000 people crowded the huge Civic Stadium at Soldiers Field, and shouted and cheered their respective favourites during the close and exciting struggle. The day previous both Middies and Cadets had paraded along Michigan Boulevard and had aroused enthusiastic comment by the precision of their movements and smart appearance. A large civic dance was held at the Drake Hotel the evening before the game, at which the city was host to the Midshipmen and the Cadets. Five hundred of Chicago's fairest maidens were selected by the committee to be partners for the guests, and, except for the teams, both soldiers and sailors enjoyed themselves till the small hours of the morning.

As to the game itself, no more thrilling struggle could have been staged. At no time during the match could one feel confident that either team had won. Navy, by a series of daring passes, scored the first two touchdowns and led 14-0 half way through the second quarter. Army, following the principle of Knute Rockne the great Notre Dame coach employed substitutes as shock troops in the earlier stages of the game, but came back strongly towards the closing of the second quarter and, aided by an unfortunate fumble on the part of a Navy back, scored two touchdowns and converted both, making half-time score 14-14. Opening the third quarter Army attacked strongly and some splendid runs by Wilson, their star half, resulted

in a touchdown, which was converted, making the score 21-14. It appeared as if the Navy was sunk, but by a persistent and daring attack in the last quarter they drove the Army back to its 15 yard line, and on the last down, with four yards to go, plunged over for a 20. A deathly silence spread over the gathering as Hamilton, Navy's star half-back, prepared to kick the placement. With defeat or a tie depending on his ability, this future admiral was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and sent the ball sailing over the bar, to the frantic cheers of the onlookers. The Army staged a splendid rally in the closing minutes of play but were unable to score, although Wilson had a chance for a drop kick on Navy's 25 yard line. The game ended in a draw, 21 to 21, and all except the teams were satisfied.

As an example of what this game meant I append a short synopsis of the receipts and expenditures.

Attendance, 110,000.

Out-of-town attendance, 36,000.

Gate receipts, \$800,000.

Cost of transporting Midshipmen and Cadets, and expenses of the game \$600,000.

Net receipts to Army and Navy Athletic Fund, each, \$100,000.

A boy went into a butcher's shop and asked for a pennyworth of steak. "A penn'orth o' steak won't make much of a meal," the butcher said. "I don't want it to eat," the boy replied. "I want it to make hinges for my rabbit hutch."

A singularly embarrassing misprint occurred not long ago, and the Medical Council are said to be up in arms.

The sentence ran: "The doctor felt the patient's pulse and declared there was no hope."

A Scotsman and a Jew were charged with being drunk.

"They were not merely drunk, your worship," declared a policeman, "they were mad drunk. The Scot was lying in the middle of the road throwing away half-crowns, and the Jew was picking them up and returning them to him."

Donna Teresa Dolores Della Villa Franca is about to appear in her celebrated trapeze act.

Voice from the gallery: "Now be careful Biddy darlin'. Sure av ye was to fall ond hurt yerself ye'd break yer ould mother's heart."

Portrait No. 2.

"Really, old man, I haven't anything to say about myself, doncher-know."

This remark coming from the subject of this month's portrait, was hardly encouraging, and whether due to his modesty or to his pride I was not quite sure. I rather suspected the latter.

I had interrupted him while he was in conference with a banker of international repute and a former chief of the London Metropolitan Police Force. He very gracefully motioned me to be seated and called the servant who came noiselessly across the room, carrying a tray holding glasses containing a nut-brown fluid.

"Ahh, regarding yoah request to interview me, old man," he said in that delightful and cultured English way, "that sort of thing isn't usually done in owh family. Howevah, as you seem a likeable fellow, I'd be delighted to have you remain with us and taste this delicious old beverage. I'm sure yoah not one of those beastly newspaper pests who delight in filling yoah papahs with scandals of the aristocracy. As a matter of fact, I have a great regard foah the

journal you represent and am personally acquainted with the editor, who is an excellent fellow. I had a talk with him only the othah day on the liquah question (in which I am slightly interested) and d'you know he actually influenced me to 'go on the tack' for a week. He seemed to thing it such a splendid suggestion that I reahly didn't have the heart to refuse."

Perhaps it would be well for me to give my readers an idea of the type of gentleman to which our subject belongs. Well over six feet and a man of great vigour—a he-man in fact—you feel sure he would give a good account of himself (if only verbally) under the most straightened circumstances, and one whom you would like to have with you in a "tight" corner. A virtual Adonis, he would have done well as a lawyer (especially in these days of women juries). He was born in England in the nineties but was destined for the great open spaces, born to mingle with men of the Jack Holt type. Before proceeding to Canada, however, he joined the Black and Tans in order to prepare and equip himself for a typical life in the wilds of Canada. But the precarious existence of a constable in daily peril of losing his life was insufficient

to diminish his ardour—dangers beset him that even his verbose eloquence had difficulty in overcoming. Many a time he found himself in the wilds of Hibernia, in the midst of a wild and hostile race, but it was a tight corner indeed from which he could not extricate himself with honour to himself and no loss to his pocket-book.

His valiant spirit soon became accustomed to even this hazardous life, which he considered child's play. He heord the call of the wild, and with an alacrity worthy of his glorious ancestors he answered the call. His fame had evidently preceded him for as he descended from the gang-plank, clad in hunting-cap, snappy Norfolk suit and riding boots, the agents from the various breweries (for which Montreal is famous) awaited him. This reception party was augmented by reporters of the Montreal dailies, and as they milled round him our hero rose to his highest peak in the emergency, and with a few aptly-chosen remarks he disposed of the majority of the gathering and attached himself to the representative of the Frontenac Brewery, who had been wise enough to bring along with him some of his firm's manufactured product. But even a large brew-

ery could not cope with a thirst which it seems was responsible for the great Beer War that raged in Montreal during the early part of the year, so, being a gentleman and knowing that he was draining the brewery of all its resources, he tendered his resignation, which was very reluctantly accepted.

But the Brewers' Association, knowing full well his capabilities, commissioned him to tour the arid province of Ontario and to propagate the gospel. Here, fighting against tremendous odds his splendid "spirit" manifested itself. It is such pioneer spirits that Canada seeks in her immigrants. Those who will go forth and conquer her wild natives, seeking the while to wrest from nature the wealth to which she clings. His influence on the natives can be imagined, and the results of his efforts cover the length and breadth of Canada. His novel ideas in regard to hunting, brewing, broadcasting, barrel dancing, etc., are now in use throughout the land, and a grateful country has bestowed upon him the highest honour in making him a member of the R.C.D.'s.

In the town of St. Johns, where this regiment is located, he is known as the "Porthos" of the renowned "Three Musketeers," his

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many amorous affairs giving him a right to that name. Regarding the high honours he obtained recently in a course, one of his fellow students, evidently of an envious frame of mind, insinuates that his cultured accent in detailing the procedure to be adopted in picking out feet and sponging round so impressed the examining officer many glaring mistakes were passed unnoticed.

For the information of readers of the gentle sex, I may say that he would screen very well, being very easy to look at, and that he informed me that he is willing to exchange photographs with any young lady of a generous disposition who possesses a bundle.

It was at this point that a servant arrived, and our hero went out with a few graceful apologies, leaving me to foot the bill.

My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919.)

Tuesday, July 18th, 1916—Ville-sur-Ancre.

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Exercise ride in rain at 6.30 a.m. Rode into Aille to canteen with Wilkes to buy some things. Home at 12.30. Played bridge with Cochran, Bowie and Wilkes till 4.30 p.m. Won 14 francs. After stables was told we would be ready to move on 15 minutes notice after 4 a.m. tomorrow. This order was cancelled at 7 p.m. Played bridge till 11 p.m. German counter-attack smashed at 4 p.m. Bed early. Am trading "Kruger" to O'Gogarty for "The Rabbit."

Wednesday, July 19th

Up at 8 a.m. Attack has been postponed. Exercise ride and stables. Went over and had a hot bath. Nice warm sunny day, first for a long time. Played bridge in afternoon and after dinner went to play bridge with Colonel and won 8 francs. Bed at 11 p.m.

Thursday, July 20th

Up at 7 a.m. Rode "Rabbit" for an hour and found him all that I thought he was—a very hardy pony. After exercise ride had stables. After lunch played indoor ball and beat "C" Squadron by 44 to 4. Heard Timmis had been wounded in Mametz Wood. He came back with a shrapnel wound

in the back—nothing much and he is O.K. Played bridge in the evening with the C.O. and Bowie and won 6 francs. Bell is coming as second in command.

Friday, July 21st

Up at 7 a.m. After breakfast rode to Heille with mess-cart to canteen and then on to Corbie. Met some Royals and 1st and 2nd Life Guards chaps who are near Corbie. Bought some vegetables, fish, bread, meat and fruit. Back at 5 p.m. No lunch and very dusty. Played ball for a time. Bowie came to dinner and we played bridge with C.O. Bell is expected to arrive tomorrow. French made a strong attack and were very successful. Bed at 11 p.m.

Saturday, July 22nd

Orderly officer. Up at 6 a.m. Exercise ride 6.30 to 7.30 a.m. After breakfast had physical drill and bayonet exercises till 10.30. Stables 11 to 12.30 p.m. After lunch went and had a sleep till 3.15, then played bridge till 6 p.m. and won 13 francs. After dinner played bridge with C.O. till 11 p.m. and won 2 francs.

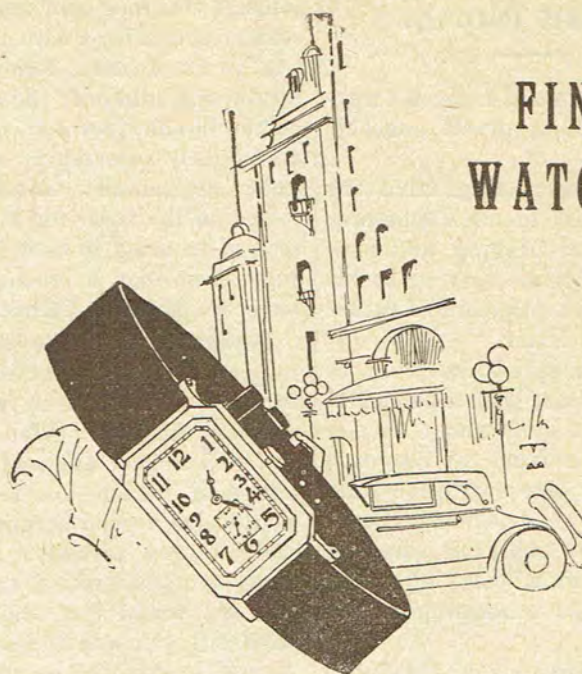
Got letter saying poor old "Victor" was dead. Felt very cut up as he was a fine bull terrier and started the kennels. There is an Anglo-French attack at midnight on the Hun line. Terrific bombardment at 11 p.m.

Sunday, July 23rd

Up at 8 a.m. Church parade at 9.30. We had an indoor exercise ride at 11 a.m. After lunch we played "A" Squadron indoor base ball, and after three innings got an order to pack up ready to move at a minute's notice. We were ready and moved off at 4.30 to Bussas they needed the space for infantry and there was difficulty in getting the forage. Arrived at 8 p.m. and had some supper. Timmis and I pitched our tent in same spot. Men are mostly in tents and bivouacs.

Monday, July 24th—Bussy

Up at 8 a.m. Cleaned up all morning and got our horse-lines up. Sent mess-cart to Amiens for supplies. Got letter and map case. I wrote for. We are likely to be here two weeks at least, so sent breeches to be cleaned and boots to be repaired. Moss went to "C" Squadron and Walker Bell, who came yesterday, is 2nd in command and Wardrope came to us. Australians attack Pozieres and have had quite a success in spite of casualties.



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Tuesday, July 25th

Up at 6 a.m. Went on Hotchkiss gun inspection at Div. H.Q. I am going to take over our Hotchkiss gun. Did not return till 11.30 a.m. After lunch there was a brigade shooting competition, rifles, machine and Hotchkiss guns. "B" Squadron was third. Made record in coming in and out of action, in 35' and out 40'. Did not get back till 6.45 p.m. and did not go to Amiens for dinner as I had intended. Bed after bridge at 11 p.m.

Wednesday July 26th

Up at 7 a.m. Exercise ride for squadron. Was on Hotchkiss training at Div. H.Q. all morning. Several of our alterations were adopted and after lunch was on some more Hotchkiss gun work and at 3.30 p.m. I rode to Amiens with Newcomen and had tea and dinner there. Back at 11 p.m. Quite a hot day and everything is drying up. Pozieres is nearly all ours now, being taken by the Australians.

"Can you see anything?" asked one shipwrecked sailor of another. "Only the horizon," was the reply. "Then pull for that; it's better than nothing," said the first one, hopefully.

AN UNSUNG HERO

I thought to be a captain when I listed in the line,
But I haven't got me corp'ral's stripes as yet.
I know I've got the figger an' I know I've got the face,
And I'd make a gawdy officer, you bet!

It's 'ard to 'ave the serjeant shout-in' orders in me 'face,
With 'is "Quick March!" "Old yer 'ead up!" and the like,
When I know I am 'is better an' if justice was the rule,
'E'd be salutin' me—the dirty tyke.

But permotion goes by favour in the Army, that's a cert.
Else why am I a Tommy st'fl, while 'e
Jumps up to be a serjeant, an' 'im only five-foot-six,
An' 'asn't got the spirit of a flea?

I ain't a bloomin' socialist, an' I always 'ave agreed
That some was born to rule an' some to serve,
But I know that I'm a better man than Serjeant 'Igginson,
An' I'd tell 'im—if I only had the nerve!

—M.C.

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"Matty."

Sergeant J. H. Matthews, for 25 years a member of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, has gone to pension.

There are very few who have served with the regiment during that time who do not vividly recall Jack Matthews.

"Old Matty"—so called because he is perpetually young—is not very great in stature. What he lacks in size he makes up for in bigness of heart.

Before joining the Royal Canadian Dragoons, "Matty" sailed the Great Lakes. There is much of the bigness of the sailor man about him. It is easy to see that our subject is a horse marine, soldier, and sailor too.

It is not possible to be a soldier for as long as the genial Jack and not have a number of stories and myths attached to one. Perhaps he will label those as myths which he does not like—if unfortunately there are any such.

Matty is an athlete; still is, despite the years which he carries so lightly. More than that, he is, and always has been, a sportsman, equally ready to smile in defeat or to be modest in victory. He tackled any sport from baseball to cricket, with football, hockey, running, jumping, and indeed any sport, mounted or dismounted, thrown in between.

Matty was good at all sports. He was to be seen at every sports meeting, a willing and vociferous rooter.

His moustaches are the gasis of many a tale and legend. In moments of excitement—not by any means rare—they become erect and carry a warning to the wise.

The writer of these few words entered Sergeant Matthews' troop 17 years or so ago. Matty of today has changed hardly at all. It is a matter of record that his troop never let him down, the unvoiced affection behind that action speaks louder than many words.

Before the war he had a theory about untrained western horses to the effect that they would not buck so much if their heads were left free. Whether he ever tried this scheme out for himself is not known. He did, however, persuade the writer of these notes to try it, with disastrous and immediate results.

In England one of Mattie's troop decided to commit matrimony. Fully uniformed, about twelve of his comrades attended the ceremony with the second sergeant of the troop. They decided that top hats were the proper thing and these were bought near Pad-

dington Station. The more ordinary other ranks wore shiny top-pers, the sergeant a white one. Thus accoutered they rode on the top of cabs to the scene of the wedding.

This is a reminder that Matty once had a sartorial adventure. In a rather crowded billet one evening our hero was quartered near a kilted comrade who had imbibed not wisely but too well. In the morning the Jock was too confused to think straight and took to the breeks—Matty's unfortunately. As a consequence, or so the legend runs, a sergeant of Dragoons appeared in public in kilts, R.C.D. jacket and spurs.

Matty is impulsive. In 1915 he looked over the parapet of a front line trench near Messines. It did not take long for an enemy sniper to shoot his cap off—this was before the advent of tin hats—neatly parting his hair in the middle. Matty was so hopping mad that he stuck his cap in the parapet and pranced up and down with blood in his eye, striving to shoot the man who had so neatly lifted his lid. He was with difficulty rescued from his really dangerous position on the parapet.

It is perhaps characteristic that even now he does not quite see the necessity for his being dragged back to safety in the trench.

Matty represents the thinning "Old Guard." He was always kindly and helpful. He has given many years of his life to the service of his king and country.

His philosophy of life has been a cheerful and a helpful one. The present writer owes a great deal to the kindly help of his old troop sergeant.

Here's to "Matty"—a Dragoon now fighting his battle in civil life. May the world be as kind to him as he was to his friends.

We shall all think with kindness and pleasant thoughts of our old comrade and wish him and Mrs. Matthews all good luck and prosperity. We hope to see a great deal of him in the future.

If, when our time comes to leave the service, we are as spry and plucky as Matty, we shall do well.

Good luck, Matty, from all of us.

"Shure, an' it was a sad day for ould Oireland" said Pat, sorrowfully, "when the English went an' left us all ter fight in peace."

Diner—"Waiter, it seems to me that the portions have grown smaller than when I was here last year."

Waiter: "It's only by comparison, sir. You see, we have enlarged the restaurant."

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Files was a lawyer whose professional standard was not quite all it should have been, to say the least of the matter. Most of the cases in which he appeared were a bit on the shady side. In fact it is not too much to say the judges who knew Files were disgusted with his underhand methods. In one case in which he was defending a man with a notorious criminal record, he made an impassioned plea, winding up as follows: "M'lud, all I ask for is justice—plain, simple justice."

"In that case I am very sirry," replied the judge from the bench, "but the law limits me to a sentence of ten years' penal servitude."

Lord Dewar provides the world with wit. Here is one of his latest stories. It is of a Manchester man who visited a planter friend in Uganda. The planter was a keen sportsman and he prevailed upon his guest to go lion-hunting with him. After a sleepless night in the jungle—sleepless for the

Manchester man at least—they set out to find lions, and presently came upon the tracks of a full-grown lion. The sportsman was enthusiastic, but the Manchester man showed less zest, until an idea was born. "Tell you what we'd better do," he said. "You go on and see where he went and I'll go back and see where he came from."

The squire of a certain village found a half-witted cottager white washing his barn with a badly-worn brush.

"Morning Brown," the squire said. "Busy, eh? Why don't you get a brush with more bristles on it?"

"What for, sire?" asked the cottager, innocently.

"What for?" the squire repeated. "Why, because if you had a brush with more bristles on it you could do twice as much work."

"That's so, sir," replied the cottager, "but then you see, sir, I haven't twice as much work to do."

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell)

(Continued)

La Belle France — December

To those who have never before seen France the first vision was not particularly striking. Like all seaport towns in all countries, Boulogne was noisy and dirty. The general populace had an appearance of untidiness and the thousands of ragged kids made the life of a soldier a burden. Already had these little blighters picked up a bit of English which, interspersed with their own tongue, was exploited to the utmost. They swarmed about us clamouring for souvenirs. "Come on, come on," they yelled, "souvenir, monsieur, bully beef very good . . . come on, come on." (By the way, it is only when hearing foreigners attempting the English tongue do we discover the universal use of "come on"). "Jig-a-jig? Oui? Bon pour le soldat . . . come on . . . good . . . tree francs . . . chocolat, monsieur? . . . come on, souvenir please . . . Godsavetheking . . . bullbeef . . . Tiparrarree . . . come on, come on, biscuit . . . souvenir . . . Ingleesh bon

. . . souvenir." All along the long road to camp mobs of these kids begged, coaxed and made general nuisances of themselves, and the women were willing to sell anything, including themselves. Shame shame, this is a libel on the sluts who hang about docks and railway stations in any country. My profound apologies to them all.

The march to the camp is a long one. The Oliver equipment was playing the very devil with our shoulders but the guide was pitiless. Not until some of the chaps fell out by the wayside did he find it proper to give us a rest.

Reaching the camp, they called the roll, gave us tents, and we were free for the time being. Boulogne was, of course, placed out of bounds. This camp differed in every respect from those of previous acquaintance. A completely changed atmosphere. Here were many convalescents waiting to return up the line. The lies they told. My hat! War indeed was hell. Windiness making itself manifest.

To our intense gratification the Oliver equipment gave place to the "Webb." As a matter of fact although leaving England fully accoutred as fighting men, practically all was exchanged here at Boulogne. The Ross rifle gave place

to the Lee-Enfield. Additional underwear was issued, more socks and, best of all, money. Gambling appeared to be the chief diversion. Crown and anchor flourished, with "housey-housey" a good second. This last was far from exciting, but convenient when funds were low. All over the place in groups of 20 or so, one would note devotees of this sport. Each man held a card partly covered with printed numerals. The high priest would call out the number marked on the disc he pulled from a bag. Slowly one would cover the numbers on his card as they were called. When one complete line was filled he would scream out "House," and providing the back-check showed no dirty work, would rake in the money paid by the card holders, less a rather high percentage charged by the high priests for running the show. The game is horribly slow and quite devoid of the least excitement yet enjoyed an enormous following.

In this camp were umpteen well supplied canteen huts. The dislike taken to the "Y" seemed to grow and as time went on I loved it less. Even now I cannot forgive their methods. In altogether too many cases did they fail the

Tommy and displayed but little of the Christianity that figures so conspicuously in their name. It was a highly successful business organization. That's all, so why drag Christianity into it? Though of the opposite faith I cannot speak too highly of the various Roman Catholic organizations all through France and Belgium. The Salvation Army was simply splendid, as was also the Church Army and the Scottish Women's Association. In fact all served well their purpose with the exception of the "Y.M.C.A." The British Expeditionary Canteen was another real blessing. Tales have been told of the enormous profits made by this company that never reached the proper hands. What matter it anyway? Their prices were always very moderate, and in all ways these canteens are a welcome adjunct to army life at the front. Incidentally, while speaking of charges, might add that despite the huge sums of money donated by Canadians for the relief of their soldiers, prices at the "Y" were never lower and often higher than the self-supporting canteen. There are tons of nasty things I can say of this particular organi-

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zation and so I shall as occasion arises. For the life of me cannot understand ex-soldiers having anything further to do with them. My accursed memory will not permit the forgetting of things that need not have been. Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am soured and bitter. Well, it takes all kinds to make a world, you know.

Here at this base camp in Boulogne did I seek to learn all possible about the war as it really was. The many casualties obliged in full measure and then some. Their exaggerations were no worse than the tales I would tell at a later date. We rejoiced to put the wind up the new comers. They in turn revenged themselves on those who came after.

Up The Line

Had been here a very few days when orders came that sent us up the line. A freight car was our conveyance. You know those dear, delightful box-cars that accommodate either eight horses or thirty men. Or was it forty? Anyhow, one could, I suppose, have been more comfortable, yet the journey was wonderful to me. Practically all the time was spent sitting at the open door, my feet dangling over the side and my mind as receptive as a piece of blotting paper. We were a happy bunch. To judge from our songs and general conversation we were on the way to yet another picnic. Conversation languished, however, when a long hospital train passed, packed with wounded. Out of sight out of mind. The general gaiety was resumed and then on our way rejoicing. Eating on this train was a bit of a puzzle. A "cooker" accompanied us. Stops would be made at uncertain intervals for the purpose, one naturally would suppose, of feeding us. All would make a rush for the cooker only to find it was not yet time for eating. When one does this several times and one's own pullman is at the back while the kitchen is in the front, one gets somewhat tired of the fruitless pastime, and invariably would fail to be there when the food actually was dish-ed out.

Each car contained a sergeant and a few corporals. It was their duty at the proper time to draw rations for the men in their charge. Volunteers were never lacking for transporting the ration of bread, butter, cheese, biscuits and bully beef to our particular car. So great was the scramble at the cooker that to divide things up properly was next to impossible. In consequence, although we did

WANTED FOR U.S. ARMY, MEN BETWEEN AGES OF 18 AND 30.

Enlistments will be accepted in the following branches:

Branch	Qualifications	Experience Required
Medical	Good penman — able to make simple English non-intelligible Latin — familiar with writing prescriptions — know how to spell the following words: salts, castor oil, iodine, tonsils and operate.	Butcher's assistant, Drug clerk, Faith Healer
Quartermaster	Good promiser — experienced in counting beans, spuds, and figuring excesses on coal, gas and electricity. Able to say "Yes," but mean "No." smile when cussed and be able to convince people a full warehouse is empty.	Promoter, Confidence man, Comedian, Salesman
Headquarters (Specialist)	Good typist — able to find regulations prohibiting and requiring everything — able to give orders — must look serious.	Book critic, Labor foreman, School "marm"
Finance	Must know green from yellow — 5 from 20 — be liberal with others' money — have faith in your fellow man — keep smiling.	Spendthrift, Banker, Dance manager
Chemical Warfare	Good talker — extensive knowledge of gassing.	Salesman, Sideshow barker
Guard House	Unlimited — Vacancies filled by selection only. This branch offers steady work to men not content in other branches.	None
Chaplains' Corps	Good mixer — able to ride horse — have saintly expression but not saintly habits — be human.	Not acquired — born for the work
Infantry	Know characteristics of mules and motor trucks, as the Army has done away with hiking. Men with 5th degree flat feet eligible.	Commuter, Mule skinner
Cavalry	Knowledge of riding immaterial — working knowledge of curry-comb, brush, shovel and pitchfork — strong back to carry a horse full pack.	Stableman, Groom, Laborer
Artillery	For drivers: men that have had experience on merry-go-rounds. For cannoners: men who have ridden Fords and similar toys.	Experience: Childhood
Recruiting	Good imagination — good liar — able to describe foreign country he has never seen, and to paint exaggerated word pictures.	Political candidate, Chautauqua lecturer

very well indeed, many, I am sure went a bit short.

Judging from what one saw from the train, France appeared to be a very fair country. The only indication of war was the women operating the gates at level crossings. Always did they give us a wave of the hand and a smile. Otherwise people seemed to be carrying on just the same as ever and the actual war still seemed far far away.

The intermittent rumble gave place to a steady, mild road as we approached the forward areas and khaki clad figures predominated. Nothing yet to shock one's feelings. On and on rushes the train, the guns seem closer, the khaki more in evidence, camps are seen, but none of the awful sights connected with war as I had fancied it. Stopping at Steenwerck, we were ordered to detrain. This was our

destination. It is the middle of June and since August last have only come so far on the road to Berlin.

Again must I crave your indulgence if my memory plays me false. As I kept no notes whatsoever I may wander a bit off the track. From 1916 to the date of my discharge in Toronto a diary was kept making things simpler, but until then my memory must serve.

The weather is glorious and it is late in the afternoon when we march up the Neuve Eglise road to the huts we shall occupy for the time being. The R.C.D. are in the line. Will not be relieved for a few days. Until that time we are left more or less to our own devices.

Just above Bulford camp the war came home to me. Right in the face. Four graves on the side of the road bearing the names of

Strathcona's I knew well. So men really were getting killed, after all.

None seemed to take any interest in us and we wandered all over the show. The 5th and 8th Battalions were out resting. Having many friends here made things easier. They were familiar with the ropes. Filled me with bull and the wine and beer of the country. The Two Nations was a favourite rendezvous and one learned much, especially from those somewhat "lit." Can't say I liked much either the beer or the wine at first. This is a taste one acquires and in time drank both with enjoyment.

The unconcern of the men surprised me much. In those days 128 and 129 were not particularly cushy trenches. Casualties were invariably suffered by men occupying them, yet these men, civilians a year ago, carried themselves

like veterans. They would say in answer to an enquiry of a mutual friend that he had "got it" (either killed or wounded) and express no great sorrow. All in the luck of the game. Already they were fatalists. If such and such a one was to "get it," he would, and that's all there was to it. Every afternoon about the same hour one solitary shell from some far-off German gun would moan its way over our heads and explode in the village of Neuve Eglise. The eglise itself was the objective and eventually became a ruin. This shell was most alarming at first. In my ignorance expected it to drop in our camp and would look up in the vain hope of seeing it. Was very much of a rookie in those days. Could camouflage myself as a soldier in England and get away with it, but here, amongst men who had actually been in the line I realized my ignorance and said but little. Very quickly did I accustom myself to this daily shell and took it quite as a matter of course. Could not understand why the enemy never shelled the camp. He was on higher ground, giving him complete observation of our movements. With the aid of a telescope I saw Germans moving about in Messines (at the double). This was an event if you please. Had actually seen a live German.

Leigh ("B" Squadron, later obtained a commission in the C.F.A.) and myself set out one day up the long communication trench to visit our friends in the line, but got the wind up and hurried back long before that point was reached.

The weather was so hot and my breeches so uncomfortable that I sliced off a chunk of cloth and converted them into excellent shorts. Many followed my example. Shorts had not yet been adopted as the official covering for the legs of the infantry and I fancied my new officers might not approve of this new fashion. Wondered what these men would be like. Had been informed I was now a unit in Canada's senior regiment, the officers were strict with no great love for the civilian soldiers from the Garrys. One must really soldier now in earnest. I awaited their return from the trenches with interest.

Being in Belgium made a difference. One seemed to absorb the spirit of the front and in a short space of time could pass muster with strangers as a real soldier. As nobody seemed anxious to do with us before the return of the regiment we simply loafed, ate and slept. Scant attention was paid to our personal appearance. Shaving ceased to be that rigid morning

rite. Brasso meant precious little in our young lives at that time. Rations were issued in the raw state. Cookery was a bit of a mystery to most. Invariably the meat and potatoes, if not thrown away, were fried. Food did not worry us much. As long as money held out there were umpteen peasants ready to sell eggs and coffee made of chicory or baked barley at any time of the day or night and at whatever they chose to charge.

Yellow or Otherwise

The last thing on earth I would do was to show the sort of reverence I had for my pals in the 8th and 10th who had been in the line. This to me seemed quite a distinction, making them all specially brave. Then their modesty. Marvellous. Try as I would could rarely make them talk of the line and all that therein is. My own imagination pictured it as it was not. Dug-outs sounded exciting. Fancied them miles below the level of the earth and absolutely safe. "Stand-to." "Listening post." "patrols," etc., sounded so different from all I had hitherto known. Sounded like man's work and I wanted with all my heart to join in it. These mental pictures created by a wild imagination excited to a degree. Somehow or other it seemed that it was always the other fellow who would suffer. Men would die and get horribly wounded but not me. Just the same always had the wind up under fire, although flattering myself with the supposition that it was well concealed. Funk, real funk was not born within me, however, until after a turn in the line. Not until I had seen the possibility of a "coal box" and the short but rapid action of H.E.'s did I really funk the bally things. No sooner was I made familiar with these accursed weapons than a display of "hate" on the part of the enemy made me long ardently for home. If it comes to that have not the least hesitation in saying that shell fire affected all men in much the same manner. That feeling of helplessness was never overcome. Most of us will agree that shell fire is amongst the most demoralizing of weapons. One never grows accustomed to it. It frightens. The higher the imagination the greater the fright. Discipline alone prevented our showing the discomfort felt. An assumed nonchalance went a long way. Sneaking generally, men never showed the funk they were in. An enemy bombardment was a great trial to all. We stuck it although at the same time disliking it intensely. For that reason all showed mark-

ed bravery. Only those who know fear can be brave. A man who fears nothing is not as brave a man as he who fears much but effectively conceals that fact. It is unjust to label a man "yellow." No one would wish to be such. A few were. Why? Simply because they could be nothing else. A man is just himself. Naturally he prefers the respect to the derision of his companions. In the large majority of cases men were able to conceal the deadly fear they felt. The few that could not have my sincere sympathy. Have seen men so scared that they could not control their limbs. Their suffering was intense. Were they pitied? No, condemned bitterly because they were "yellow." Poor devils, I pitied them. They tried but never succeeded in hiding that horrible dread of the line and its many attendant dangers. "Yellow"; wonder who was not? What a pity we are unable to read the inside of another. What a different story would be told. We'd find almost every man entitled to the claret coloured ribbon of the V.C. To face things calmly while one's real self was in a ferment of apprehension was a tremendous strain, and my great wonder is that any could stand up under it.

I'm rambling along in a shockingly disconnected manner, and probably boring you stiff. Be patient. Provided you stick it long enough I'll hit on something that interests.

Enter the "Drags"

Late one afternoon the 5th and 8th Battalions marched quietly from the camp to relieve the Cavalry Brigade. No excitement was manifested. They moved away as though it were for a route march in full marching order. Laughing and joking, one would think these clean-looking chaps were hundreds of miles from the line. In my ignorance had pictured the line far more terrible than it really was. To me it seemed to be a veritable death trap. That is why I marvelled at these men going up to their death with a laugh and a song. This surely was the essence of bravery. I clothed myself in some of this reflected glory because I'd be doing the same thing in a week or two. Poor innocent. Some day I'd know something.

It was rather late when the Drags came into camp. The trenches were dry at that particular period and the chaps looked not at all bad. A bit scruffy, it is true, but not plastered with that horrible Messines mud that at times made life such a burden.

Fortunately their casualties this time were very light. A pal of mine killed. Sniper got him clean through the head. Those I knew spoke of heavy bombardments, which failed to arouse in me any sense of elation.

As tired as they were after the long march they were quite able to sojourn at the house of a civilian who was assuring herself of a comfortable future by selling eggs, coffee and chips. The number of eggs consumed by the troops in France was truly prodigious. Have myself got away with six. This was a low average. The price was generally half a franc each but when the demand was in excess of the supply double that amount was charged without a blush.

At roll-call the following morning my draft fell in with the regiment. Most of my Garry pals were in "C" Squadron, and it gave me great satisfaction to be attached to the 1st troop of that squadron. Major Kingsford was then squadron leader, with Caldwell his second in command. Newky was troop officer. Earnshaw and London the sergeants. Mennish and White the corporals. White was an immense red-headed Scotsman who, prior to our presentation of horses secured a commission in the Imperial army. Almost at the start I knew that Newky and myself would never love each other. He had a marked antipathy to drafts, especially those from the Fort Garry Horse. To put the wind up a new-comer was his joy. Once a man showed signs of being upset by his brusque manner, good-night. He was marked for life. The best part of it all was that Newky's bark was so much worse than his bite. It will surprise many of my friends to hear me say that I quite admired the man. In action he was my beau ideal of a cavalryman. It was quite obvious that many in the squadron disliked him intensely but this fact worried not the bold Newky. His manner remained unaltered. That's why I admired him. He was always himself. If a man was foolish enough to be intimidated by his manner the man alone was to blame. Let Newky see that his ravings had no effect and he would like you for it. As a matter of fact I fancy he rather liked opposition. He did not like those who fawned on him. Smile sweetly upon him during a "bawling out" and he'd like you the better. Shriveled up under his bitter tongue and your name was "mud." Your life under his command would henceforth know but little joy. Enough for the present of Newky. Clearly he was not immensely impressed with this new draft, neither was in favour with

the mutilation of our breeches. To say much about this was difficult for he himself sported "shorts."

At the start it was a bit difficult to fit in with these veterans of a month. They had seen quite a bit of action since their arrival in France and immensely tickled with their achievements at Givenchy and Festubert, names by the way, that were pronounced phonetically. As our educations improved the correct French name was attempted. Had the men left it as it was there was greater possibility of understanding. Festubearr, perhaps did sound nicer to some. At least it was more genteel. Took a long time to live down the disgrace of not being present at this charming resort and we of the June draft felt we should never rank as fighting men owing to this sad arrangement of circumstances. My spiteful soul causes me to declare here that as time went on one grew sick and tired of hearing of these two places.

However, here was I an important unit of the first section, first troop. Was No. 1 in the rear rank, covering Cpl. Smith. His immense stature completely concealed me. By a strange arrangement Greener stood beside him. Greener is even shorter than myself and the contrast was most marked. Buck Lonsdale, Sufferin' Jim, Leggins, Howe West and Eddie LeMaistre completed the section. Some section, believe me.

The squadron was billeted in a loft at Westhof Farm. Beyond a general cleaning up, nothing doing in the way of parades. Weather glorious, but the chaps did nothing much save eat, sleep and gamble. It will no doubt be noticed that gambling is often mentioned by me and one might be led to suppose us to be a terribly depraved lot. Not at all, not at all. Ours was a particularly pious section. A section set up as an example of what a section could be if it tried. What's wrong with gambling, anyway? If one be lucky 'tis a profitable and pleasant recreation. In this loft poker was "the" game. Practically all indulged. What an opportunity missed by the "Y." Sgt. London (wily), Ralph Stawell, Montgomery, old man Neald, Bailey, Tallman, Holditch, Frankie Mynott and young Swift could always be relied upon to fill in when called upon. Sgt. London had a nasty habit that amused rather than annoyed. Unlucky the man who took from him a few francs. Supposing myself to be that fortunate. The orderly corporal would poke his head in at the door asking one man for fatigue. With a great show of fair-dealing Wily would produce

Sports

Annual Road Race.

The annual road race at St. Johns was held on the afternoon of December 2nd. We were fortunate in being favoured with fine weather, for although the air was rather nippy, the day dawned clear and bright. The temperature in conjunction with the road conditions tended to bring out the qualities of endurance of all competitors. Not only did the majority of runners give of their best fighting for their respective teams but at one point a number took a deliberate risk of bodily harm. This occurred when the road happened to be blocked by a freight train which kept shunting to and fro. The leading three men were fortunate in just missing the train, but the next ten or twelve men rather than lose valuable time, crossed the obstacle while it was in motion.

All troops of the squadron and "D" Co., R.C.R., were well represented, a lot of credit being due to all who took part in the race, especially those who finished within the time limit. Their condition at the finish showed the result of lots of practice and good coaching.

The conditions this year were slightly revised and are published below to show the changes:

Starting Point.—The Barracks Main Gate. All competitors will run to the rendez-vous, which is

his duty roster and go down the list to find the next man for duty. It never failed to work. If I was the big winner he'd get me out of the game by detailing me for this fatigue. Young Swift also contracted a bad habit. He was only a kid with lots of "guts." He was an inveterate gambler. Invariably he lost. In a futile effort to force his luck he would bump and re-bump the pot so much that many of us were forced to retire even though in possession of winning hands. This made me ardently long to murder the kid. Just the same he was all right. At a later date, and before it became a more profitable business, he saved the life of an Imperial by submitting to a blood transfusion operation.

Lice had already entered into occupation of my hitherto clean young life. At first it appeared absolutely disgusting. Quickly I grew accustomed to the affliction and paid but scant attention to the matter. These pests never real-

TROPHIES IN SOLID SILVER



International Jumping Trophy

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR

Toronto, November 1925

Competed for by Teams of Four Officers from
CANADA, BELGIUM, FRANCE, UNITED STATES
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MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1877.

on the road north of the Roman Catholic church, Iberville, running in a north-easterly direction to Iberville Junction. Rendezvous marked by a Union Jack. The R. C.R. will report to Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., 1st Troop, R.C. D., to Capt. Nicholls, M.C., R.C. R., 2nd Troop, R.C.D., to Lieut. Chadwick, R.C.D., and 3rd Troop, R.C.D., to Capt. M. J. Joyce, R.C. A.S.C. Each team as they come

ly left me until long after the Armistice. Now and again there would be a killing. To see, on a warm afternoon, men in a complete state of nudity sitting in a field and slaughtering these insects was a touching sight. What a hope. The relief, if any, was very temporary. Ere the coming of the next day those who had escaped annihilation revenged themselves by multiplying exceedingly. With much patience one could sort of control their birth-rate somewhat but to completely rid one's-self of these little friends was totally impossible. They were part and parcel of this soldiering game and had to be endured.

(To be continued)

up to the rendezvous will form up in file one behind the other in front of their particular officers as detailed above. The officers at the rendezvous will be separated so that each team can recognize them.

The senior of each team will report to the judges at the rendezvous when ten men of their respective teams are ready to start.

Course.—Road running N.E. through Iberville to Iberville Jct., then due south to the first road junction north of the C.V.Ry. tracks, then west to clerk of the course posted on the road and return to the main gate, Barracks, via any route, but the river must be crossed by the Gouin Bridge.

Turns.—Clerks of the course will be stationed at each turn, who will observe that competitors are running a true course. All competitors must call out their names and team when rounding the last turn, i.e., corner of Sabrevois road and the first road running north of the C.V.Ry.

Clerks.—(1) S.M. (W.O.I.) Mountford and Sgt. Bazley, R.C. R., at the Iberville Junction; (2) Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown, R.C.D., and

Sgt. Taylor, R.C.D., at the first road junction north of the C.V.Ry. tracks; (3) Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson, R.C.D., on the road running south from the position of the 2nd Clerk at road junction immediately east of the river road.

Points—Points for the Challenge Cup as follows:

1st man to complete the course, 50 points; 2nd man 48 points; 3rd man 46 points; 4th man 44 points, and so on until the 21st man is in, who will receive ten points. All competitors finishing within eight minutes of the winner will receive two points.

Trophies. — The Cavalry Barracks Challenge Cup, to be held for the year by the team gaining the highest number of points, at present held by 3rd Troop, "A" Sqn., R.C.D. The Y.M.C.A. cup to be held for the year by the troop of "A" Squadron gaining the highest number of points, and to become the permanent property of any troop winning it five times. It has been won four times by the 1st Troop and twice by the 3rd Troop to date.

Individual prizes will be awarded to the first six men to finish the course. Additional prizes will be awarded to the 1st and 2nd men of each team who complete the course, provided that they have not finished within the first six men mentioned above.

Dress.—Team captains will see that all competitors turn out in suitable running kit, and will endeavour to have their team as uniformly dressed as possible in order to facilitate judging. Colours will be worn as follows: R.C.R. white jerseys; 1st Troop, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., red band on arm; 2nd Troop, blue band on arm, and 3rd Troop, green band on arm.

Officials

Referee -- Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R.

Judges at rendez-vous—Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.; Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., R.C.R.; Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick, R.C.D.; Capt. M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C.

Clerks of Course.—S.M. (W.O. 1.) J. Mountford, R.C.D.; Q.M.S. I. R. J. Brown, R.C.D. (I.C.); Sgt. Instr. G. C. Hopkinson, R.C.D. (I.C.); Sgt. J. Bazley, R.C.R.; Sgt. E. Taylor, R.C.D.

Judges at Finish—Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.; S.S. M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.; S.Q.M.S. J. Snape, R.C.D.; Sgt. S. Rayner, M.M., R.C.R.

Time-keepers—Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.; F.Q.M.S. C. H.

Hill, R.C.D.

Scorer—Q.M.S. W. T. C. Ellis, R.C.D.

The course was the same as last year, and the winner, Tpr. Ross, who also won the race last year, completed the course in 25 minutes, one minute and twenty-three seconds better than his previous effort. The running on the whole was very creditable, 28 contestants finishing within the time limit.

Third Troop, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., easily captured premier honours with a total of 282 points, "D" Coy., R.C.R., being second with a total of 228 points. The result of the previous year was 3rd Troop 332 points, and "A" Coy. 176 points.

Congratulations of all ranks of "A" Squadron go out to Sergeant Sheehy and his troop for "bringing home the bacon" for the third time; this was the second time in succession.

Hearty congratulations also go out to "D" Coy for their splendid effort, and it would be well to keep our weather-eye open next year considering the number of points they gained over us from the previous year. An increased issue of the canteen product will be necessary.

Third Troop not only secured the first three individual prizes, but also walked away with the Cavalry Barracks Challenge Cup and the Y.M.C.A. cup offered for the winning team from "A" Sqn. only. What price Third Troop? Buck up First and Second Troops.

The tabulated results of the race are shown below.

1st, Tpr. Ross, 50 points, 25 minutes, 3rd Troop.
2nd, Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop, 48 points, 25.01 minutes.
3rd, Tpr. Guy, 3rd Troop, 46 points, 25 minutes 4 seconds.
4th, Cpl. Parker, "D" Coy., 26 minutes 5 seconds.
5th, Pte. Lafond, L., "D" Coy., 26 minutes 7 seconds.
6th, Pte. Lafond, C., "D" Coy., 40 points, 26 minutes 9 seconds.
7th, L.Cpl. Adams, 1st Troop, 38 points, 1st Troop prize.
8th, Tpr. Cross, 3rd Troop, 36 points.
9th, Pte. Rowland, "D" Coy., 34 points.
10th, Pte. Cameron, "D" Coy., 32 points.
11th, Tpr. Brennan, 3rd Troop, 30 points.
12th, Tpr. Allingham, 2nd Troop, first troop prize.
13th, Tpr. Caillyer, 3rd Troop, 26 points.
14th, Sgt. Sheehy, 3rd Troop, 24 points.

15th, Tpr. Dobson, 1st Troop, 22 points, second troop prize.
16th, Tpr. Martin, 3rd Troop, 20 points.
17th, Pte. Chapman, "D" Coy., 18 points.
18th, Boy Randle, 1st Troop, 16 points.
19th, Tpr. Mundell, 2nd Troop, 14 points, second troop prize.
20th, Pte. Bishop, "D" Coy., 12 points.
21st, Tpr. Bold, 2nd Troop, 10 points.
22nd, Tpr. Hilder, 1st Troop, 2 points.
23rd, Tpr. Berkin, F., 2nd Troop, 2 points.
24th, Pte. Bond, "D" Coy., 2 points.
25th, Tpr. Heffernan, 3rd Troop, 2 points.
26th, Tpr. Mauchan, 2nd Troop, 2 points.
27th, Pte. Bariteau, "D" Coy., 2 points.
28th, Pte. Mellish, "D" Coy., 2 points.

Result: 3rd Troop, 282 points, "D" Coy., R.C.R., 228 points; 1st Troop, 78 points; 2nd Troop, 56 points.

3rd Troop, "A" Squadron, holds Cavalry Barracks Challenge Cup, also Y.M.C.A. Cup, for the year 1926-27.

Following the race a concert was held in the gymnasium, which proved a great success, and the majority present seemed to extract a great deal of enjoyment out of the efforts of the young and talented artists, Percy and William Snape, Victor Jewkes, Pat and Eric Forgraves, and last but by no means least, Charlie Smith Jr. They always proved a source of much merriment whenever they appeared on the stage. By the way, Percy Snape makes a charming girl.

At the conclusion of the concert Capt. Balders presented the prizes. In a few and well-chosen expressions he conveyed to all his appreciation of their laudable efforts.

Immediately after the concert a smoker was held in the men's mess. Here the ladies were not present, so all could give vent to their feelings, which they did with a will. Our old friend, "Hoppy's" rendering of "Ginger Bill" was a treat; also we were amused by many entertaining and witty stories by our civilian friends, by Sgt. "Nobby" Ellis, and "Almighty Voice."

Benny Leonard, our ex-light-weight champion, was much in evidence. It would seem that he has given up boxing entirely and taken to wrestling. His choice of opponents appear to be silver cups, empty or otherwise.

FOOTBALL

Presentation of Cup

On Friday night, December 3rd, the members of the St. Johns City Football League held their first annual banquet, which was also the occasion of the presentation of cup and medals to the R.C.D. team, the league champions for the year 1926. The medals were presented to the individual players of the winning team. The handsome cup was generously provided by the following citizens of St. Johns: Mayor Trahan, G. St. Germain, J. P. Langlois, A. Dorais, M. Lesieur, J. P. Meunier, R. Patenaude, C. Fisher, G. A. Savoy, L. G. Gage, N. Liontos, W. McNulty, Menard, and three anonymous givers.

It is hoped that next year there will be some new players for the Garrison and we hope to repeat this year's performance.

The following paragraphs culled from the Montreal Standard will doubtless interest our readers.

"Vice-president G. Ellis, of the St. Johns City League, gave a glowing account of soccer activities in that delightful town, pardon, city, on the banks of the famous Richelieu. The St. Johns people have just completed their first year as a league, and wish to expand. They would like to take in Chambly, Laprairie and Delson. Well, why not? Providing these districts are agreeable. I can see, if even in the distance, a great future for St. Johns soccer. And in saying this we must not forget the pioneers, the boys of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. If memory serves, and sometimes memory is a frail friend, the Dragoons broke into soccer in 1908, when they entered a team in the Intermediates of the old Montreal and District F.A. What a time they gave visiting teams in the days of Payne, Churchward, Morgan, and Moore. All this makes one feel very old, but "them were the days" when sport and sociability walked hand in hand. No reflection on the present fellows, only it is pleasant to recall good times."

The reading of the above item brings back the pre-war days when "A" Squadron had a team that could make the best of them in Montreal step out. In the season of 1910-1911 the Drags. defeated the Grand Trunk team in the final of the Quebec Cup. This game occurred at the end of the season and the "Trunks," having already won the league championship, had postponed their annual banquet that they might present the two cups on the same night. They evi-

dently "counted their chickens before they were hatched," for after a strenuous game in Montreal the Drags emerged on the side of a 2-1 score. The squadron team at that time was, Osborne, Moore, Vergette, Hargreaves, Karcher, Hammond, Bailey, Williams, Willetts, Campbell, (Capt) Davidson. Of these players Capt. Hammond and Bill Campbell are still with the squadron and are still outstanding players on the football team. Harry Karcher has transferred his affections to "B" Squadron and is still breaking up opposing attacks.

HOCKEY

Lieut. Chadwick has signalized his entry into our ranks by taking over the job of officer i/c hockey, and with the help of the committee has drawn up a very interesting programme for the coming season.

In former years our troop hockey has suffered from the fact that one team has always been far superior to the remaining teams. We cannot alter this fact during the usual competition for the squadron cup, but we can even things up a bit when that event has come to a close.

In the early part of the season the troop teams from the squadron and the company team from the R.C.R. will play out in a "knock-out competition." The winners of the first two games will meet in the final, and the winner of the last event will hold the squadron cup for the season 1926-1927.

At the conclusion of the above competition all squadron players will be pooled and three evenly matched teams will be picked from these players. The teams will be known as the Pirates, Indians and Shieks. The R.C.R. will provide the fourth team. A regular league schedule will be drawn up by the committee, and the winner of the league will be presented with a shield donated by the Recreation Club. This shield will be won outright.

A trophy has been presented to the squadron by the Corporals' Mess in the shape of an annual challenge cup for annual competition between a team from the Corporals' Mess and a representative team from the remainder of the squadron. This cup will be played for during the latter part of the season.

ST. JOHNS HOCKEY LEAGUE

A meeting of the Garrison hockey players and those interested in hockey was held in the library on Friday, November 26th, at 3.30 p.

m., to discuss plans for the coming season. The question whether or not to enter a team in the City League was brought up, but the situation not being quite clear it was decided to send two representatives to the next league meeting, which was held in the Canada-Français Building. At this meeting it was decided to form a new league, which would be comprised of the following teams: Garrison, Champain, Singer and Lasalle.

The inclusion of the Garrison in the league was confirmed by a vote of the men of both units, the following players being available:

Cpl. McKerrall, manager, Cpl. Green, Cpl. Boucher, Tpr. Martin, Tpr. Mauchan, L.Cpl. Constantine, Sgt. Gardner, Tpr. Brennan, Tpr. Beaulieu, Tpr. Ross.

There are most likely some hockey players among the new men, and as soon as the rink is opened there will be an opportunity to look them over.

League games will be played on Wednesday and Sunday evenings at the Academy rink. On Saturday evenings exhibition games will be played with outside teams.

Following is the schedule:

December 22nd—Champlain vs. Garrison; Lasalle vs. Singer.

29th—Champlain vs. Lasalle; Garrison vs. Singer.

January 5th—Singer vs. Champlain; Garrison vs. Lasalle.

9th—Lasalle vs. Singer; Champlain vs. Garrison.

12th—Garrison vs. Singer; Lasalle vs. Champlain.

16th—Garrison vs. Lasalle; Champlain vs. Singer.

19th—Champlain vs. Garrison; Lasalle vs. Singer.

23rd—Champlain vs. Lasalle; Garrison vs. Singer.

26th—Singer vs. Champlain; Garrison vs. Lasalle.

30th—Lasalle vs. Singer; Champlain vs. Garrison.

February 2nd—Garrison vs. Singer; Champlain vs. Lasalle.

6th—Garrison vs. Lasalle; Champlain vs. Singer.

9th—Champlain vs. Garrison; Lasalle vs. Singer.

13th—Champlain vs. Lasalle; Garrison vs. Singer.

16th—Champlain vs. Singer; Garrison vs. Lasalle.

Number drawn for each team. 1, Champlain; 2, Garrison; 3, Lasalle; 4, Singer.

Club Bore (recounting one of his exploits): "Out there you know a man uses his shooter. Well, I'd just picked up my shooter and—what do you think?"

Victim: "I know—you found you hadn't any peas."

Bits From the Ottawa Trip.

(By Absit Invidia)

The musical ride furnished by "B" Squadron was a great success to all concerned. Of course a few trips by the "shining lights" were made to Hull, that wonderful place often referred to as the "Oasis in the Desert." Ah, me, what wonderful fantastical illusions were wrought by the "cup that cheers," for instance, Tom King walked into the room one evening when the player-piano was going full blast and ordered the music stopped "in the name of his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser," accompanied by a lot of "hochs" and "straffes," and standing stiffly at attention and saluting, for the time being he was an Oberlieutenant, we surmise. Another case was that of our esteemed S.M., John D. Cope, who roared out at three o'clock one morning, "Come on, roll out, show a leg." When told by our inimitable Titch Mercer that it was only three o'clock he claimed that Titch's watch must have stopped as he could see daylight, and it was only after a great deal of persuasion that he was convinced that the "daylight" he could see came from the poor inoffensive moon.

We have since oft wondered what powerful influence the "Powerful Katrinka" had over one of our worthy N.C.O.'s (no names no pack drill) that he gallantly volunteered to help her peal "spuds" and what another N.C.O. felt like, who, after pulling Katrinka's leg for some time, the lady suddenly remarked: "Oh, let him alone, he hasn't come out of the ether yet."

Judging from the amount of mail arriving daily bearing Ottawa postmark, we are convinced that the "Sheiks" were well on the job with the "Shebas" at Ottawa. Poor little misguided creatures, we wonder what wonderful promises etc., were whispered into their shell-like ears before the "Sheiks" return to the desert of Toad. Of course we don't blame the ladies a bit, as Christmas is not very far away and, well—draw your own conclusions. One of our chaps has about half a dozen pictures of one girl, taken in as many different poses and attire, which he carries around with him and gazes at in his spare time, with a far-away look in his eyes. Anyway, it is good business for the canteen these days, as there is an

awful lot of writing pads and envelopes being sold. N— has used about two already in about a week.

One of our foremost "shieks," Tpr. B—, was thinking so much about his lady loves, that, after winning the V.C. race, he so far forgot himself as to give to the ringmaster (who was putting a ribbon on his horse) a full military salute while mounted. We were unable to obtain what the thought of the ringmaster (Major Jim Widgery) was in this respect but we can guess it was not very complimentary to B—.

We deeply sympathize with "Bobby," who was so unlucky with his dates with the fair ones. Never mind, Bob, better luck next time. Anyway, Niagara Camp will soon be here again, then you will be all set again, won't you?

The Third Troop team won the tent pegging contest easily. We feel that this should be mentioned here as it was such a laudable incident, but we are informed that the winners of each event are being ably handled for insertion in "The Goat" by Captain Jimmie Wood, so feel that it would not be advisable to mention them here, with the exception of the above.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

What has become of a certain N.C.O.'s motorcycle? It hasn't been seen since he rode away from the barracks on it. We think that shortly we shall see in the papers an advertisement worded something like this:

Look! A bargain. What differs? Henderson motorcycle, four cylinders (one working fine) will go anywhere if pushed. This machine only requires a few minor repairs, etc. It would really go if it had new gears, two new tires, chain, gas tank, and kick starter, front and rear lights, etc. This machine is now in "cold storage" under three feet of snow up in 'No Man's Land'. Prospective purchasers may see same if they bring their own shovels.

When is Blake going to repair the clock he broke? Possibly he is going to buy us a new one for Xmas. How about it, Bob?

Is it true that S.M. Copeland voted "dry" in the last election, also Jennings, Tom Duff, Alderson and Harry Bush? Well, well, did you ever?

Would Tpr. Rainey be so kind

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